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J. C. BALL, Attorney at Law and Notary Public, office over Bank of Woodland.

C. P. SPRAGUE, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, office in Bank building.

JOHN LAMBERT, Attorney at Law and Notary Public, over C. S. Frost's office.

C. S. FROST, Attorney and Conveyancer, Land Agt., one door west of Express office.

S. G. HARPER, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Harper's building, up stairs.

F. E. BAKER, Attorney at Law and Notary Public, Room 1, Excelsior Block.

MARSHALL, CRAIG & GRANT, Att'ys and Counsellors at Law, Excelsior Block.

D. H. SIBLEY, Attorney-at-Law and Justice of the Peace; office in Town Hall.

GEORGE ALFORD, Town Marshal and General Collector, office in Town Hall.

WARREN POWERS, Constable for Cache Creek Township, office in Town Hall.

NIGHT-WATCHMAN and Police Officer, Wm. Coulter, headquarters at Town Hall.

PHYSICIANS AND DENTISTS.

DR. E. L. PARRAMORE, office at Elston & White's Drug Store, Galbraith's Block.

DR. GEO. H. JACKSON, office and residence, over Whittemore & Higginson's Drug store.

DR. THOS. ROSS, Physician and Surgeon, office at Casler & Co's Drug Store.

DR. A. STRONG, Physician and Surgeon, office at Casler & Co's Drug Store.

DR. A. B. MERRITT, Physician and Surgeon, office at Casler & Co's Drug Store.

DR. B. H. PIERSON, Physician and Surgeon, Whittemore & Higginson's Drug Store.

DR. W. T. LUCAS, office over Whittemore & Higginson's Drug store, west of Ex. Office.

C. E. PINKHAM, M. D., Homeopathic Physician, office over Bank of Woodland.

PRATHER & HOLMES, Dentists, office up stairs Bank Building.

DR. L. WELGES, German Physician, office and res. First st., first house south of Main.

DR. I. N. HODGEN, Practical Dentist, Room 2 (up stairs), Excelsior Block.

DR. A. N. DICK, Practical Dentist, office over Webber's drug store.

BANK, INSURANCE, LAND & GRAIN

BANK OF WOODLAND, Money Loaned and Exchange drawn, cor. Main and First.

THOMAS & HUNT, Buy and Store Grain and Wool, office in Excelsior Block.

LAUGENOUR & BROWNELL, Dealers in Grain, Wool, etc., in Express office.

GEORGE D. FISKE, Life, Accident and Fire Insurance, Land Agency, etc., P. O. block.

HARLAN & STEPHENS, Dealers in Grain, Wool, etc., office, rear of Bank of Woodl'd.

WELLS, FARGO & CO'S EXPRESS, W. F. Moses agent, one door west of Bank.

MILLINERS AND DRESSMAKERS.

MRS. WEBBER, Fashionable Dressmaker in all styles, over Nickelsburg's store.

MRS. H. U. OGBURN, Millinery in the latest modes, one door east of Pendegast & Co.

MRS. M. C. CURTIS, Dressmaking, also Candies, etc., east of Postoffice.

MRS. W. W. PORTER & CO., Fashionable Milliners, College Block, Main street.

BUTCHERS, BAKERS, ETC.

YOLO MARKET, Frazer & Co., old stand, north side of Main, bet. 1st and 2d streets.

WOODLAND BAKERY, Otto Schluer, Proprietor, First st., north of Capital Hotel.

WOODLAND MEAT MARKET, Barnes & Co., a few doors west of Postoffice.

YOLO (Branch) MARKET, Frazer & Co., southeast corner Main and Railroad sts.

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.

C. B. CULVER, Staple and Fancy Groceries, etc., Excelsior Block.

J. L. EATON, Groceries, Provisions, Fruits, Vegetables, etc., cor. Main and Third sts.

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J. H. EATON & SON, Grocers and Provision Dealers, Fruits, etc., Galbraith's Block.

A. D. PORTER & CO., Groceries, Provisions, Gen'l Family Supplies, Craft House Block.

J. G. SCHWALM, Groceries and Provisions, opposite Washington Hall.

WAGON-MAKERS, BLACKSMITHS, &c

R. B. JOHNSON all kinds of Blacksmithing, opposite Tackney House.

PERRY & HARRIS, Blacksmiths and Machinists, First street, south of Bank.

J. SOVEREIGN, Wagon Maker and Blacksmith; shop on First street, north of Main.

DUNPHY & STOCKING, Blacksmiths, Horseshoers, etc., opp. Exchange Hotel.

B. F. READY, Blacksmith, Horseshoer, etc., southeast corner Main and Second streets.

A. WEAVER, Wagon and Carriage Maker, Blacksmithing, etc., east of Wash'n Hall.

HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS.

CAPITAL HOTEL, John Tackney, Proprietor, corner Main and First streets.

CRAFT HOTEL, Price & Small, Proprietors, Main street, bet. First and Railroad streets.

AMERICAN EXCHANGE, M. H. Torrence, Main, between Second and Third streets.

HELVETIA HOTEL, F. Burge, Proprietor, south side of Main, and west of R.R. sts.

FRENCH RESTAURANT, B. Dennery, Proprietor, two doors west of Express Office.

PALACE RESTAURANT, Mrs. M. Davidson, Proprietor, Main street, opp. College.

VARIOUS MANUFACTURERS.

WOODLAND FLOURING MILL, J. P. Rhodes, N.W. cor. First and Court streets.

P. KRELLENBERG, Furniture Dealer and Manufacturer, S. W. cor. Main and Third.

RAG CARPET MANUFACTORY, west of Rupley's Corners, south side Main street.

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H. P. MARTIN, Patent Stone Manufacturer and Marble Works, cor. Main and 3d sts.

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CHARMAK & LEVY, Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots, etc., Excelsior Block.

COSLINER & CO., Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots, Hats, Hosiery, etc., Bank Building.

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BATH ROOMS AND BARBER SHOP, WM. Knox, one door east of Craft House.

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CASLER & CO., Drugs, Paints, Perfumery, etc., one door east of Porter's Grocery.

J. B. ELSTON, Drugs, Paints, Stationery, Perfumery, etc., Galbraith's Block.

WHITTEMORE & HIGGINSON, Drugs, Medicines, etc., 1 door west of Express Office

G. W. GREEN, Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Stationery, Toys, etc., College Block.

C. S. GRAY, Clocks, Watches and Jewelry, in C. D. Morin's Store, opp Express Office.

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J. A. BUTZ, Fashionable Merchant Tailor, College Block.

L. ZIRKER, Merchant Tailor, Repairer, etc., College Block.

BOOT AND SHOEMAKER, Wm. Williams, one door west of Adams' Grocery.

J. G. HUDSON, Boot and Shoemaker, southwest corner Main and Railroad streets.

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WOODLAND PLANING MILLS AND BOX Factory, W. H. Carson, Prop'r, near Depot.

PUGET SOUND LUMBER YARDS, A. Powell manager, near railroad.

PLANING MILLS, Samuel Caldwell, Prop'r, also Contractor, etc., near Water Works.

PIONEER LUMBER YARDS, R. H. Newton & Co., corner Court and Railroad streets.

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H. B. WOOD, Shelf and Heavy Hardware Farming Tools, Wagons, etc., Main street.

F. S. FREEMAN & CO., Hardware, Farming Implem'ts, Machinery, etc., College Block.

H. KUHN & BRO., Stoves, Tin and Water Pipe Fitting, Pumps, etc., College Block.

C. D. MORIN, Stoves, Tinware, Water Tanks, Gas and Water Pipes, opp. Express Office.

C. F. GRISWOLD, Stoves, Tinware, Gas and Water Pipes, Pumps, etc., near Postoffice.

HARNESS-MAKERS, ETC.

T. J. PRIOR, Harness Maker and Dealer in Harness and Saddle Materials, Prior's bdg.

L. DIETZ, Harness, Saddles, Robes, Whips, etc., Dietz & Burns' block.

D. TOBIAS & BRO., Harness Makers, etc., south side Main, near Railroad street.

VARIETY STORES.

WOODLAND VARIETY STORE, Geo. C. St. Louis, Stationery, Toys, etc., opp. College.

VARIETY STORE, Mrs. P. Hafky, Groceries, Tobacco, Toys, etc., north side of Main st.

J. C. O'CONNOR, Stationery, Candies, Nuts, Tobacco, etc., next door to Fashion Stables.

SALOONS, BREWERIES, ETC.

YOLO BREWERY, Schuerley & Miller, Proprietors, west Main street, north side.

WOODLAND BREWERY, Wirth Brothers, Lincoln Avenue, west end.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL LIQUORS, L. Dreyfus, opposite Express Office.

PACIFIC SALOON, C. Selber, Wines, Liquors, Cigars, etc., next to Pendegast & Co.

LASKY'S SALOON, I. Lasky, Wines, Cigars and Liquors, College Block.

PIONEER SALOON, W. W. Woods, Wines, Liquors, etc., opposite Postoffice.

AMERICAN EXCHANGE SALOON, Voorhees & Berry, next to Capital Hotel.

CAPITAL HOTEL SALOON, John Tackney, Wines, Liquors, etc., in Hotel building.

GOLDEN EAGLE SALOON, John Moore, Wines, etc., next Wood's Hardware Store.

CRAFT SALOON, C. Barr, Wines, Liquors and Cigars, east end of Craft Hotel.

STEGALL'S OLD CORNER, H. Stegall, Wines, etc., northeast cor. Main and RR. sts.

FASHION SALOON, Wilcox & Sproul, Wines, etc., northwest cor. Main and RR. streets.

EXCHANGE SALOON, A. W. Tucker, adjoining American Exchange Hotel.

WOODLAND WINERY, J. Q. A. Clark, Proprietor, opp. Water Works, east Main st.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DAILY AND WEEKLY DEMOCRAT, Wm. Saunders, Ed'r & Pub'r, Freeman's block.

YOLO MAIL, (Weekly) W. W. Theobalds, Editor and Publisher, office in Burns' block.

WOODLAND STANDARD (Weekly), D. L. Hackett, Ed'r & Pub'r, Excelsior Block.

DEPUE & CO., Publishers "Illustrated History of Yolo County," Excelsior Block.

WOODLAND WATER WORKS, J. W. Peek, southeast cor. Main and 4th streets.

FRANK DURSTON, Bill Poster and Advertising Agent, P. O. box 152.

NEWS DEPOT, E. Berg, Papers, Periodicals, etc., from all parts, opp. Capital Hotel.

WOODLAND GAS WORKS, J. D. Stephens Pres't, F. M. Brown Supt., 4th and Main.

LIVERY AND FEED STABLES.

LIVERY AND FEED STABLES, Peckman & O'Connor, First street, north of Main.

CITY LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLES, Smith & White, opposite Exchange Hotel.

FASHION LIVERY AND FEED STABLES, Marders & Lawson, cor. Main and RR. sts.

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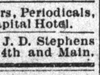
ARTHUR H. PRICE.....HARRY F. SMALL.

CRAFT HOUSE,
Main Street, Woodland.
THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING leased this commodious, well-known and popular Hotel, would respectfully inform the public that no pains will be spared on their part which will insure comfort to guests and satisfaction to all who may favor them with their patronage.
Permanent and transient boarders will be dealt with on the most liberal terms.
☞ Free Omnibus to and from all trains.
au20dw PRICE & SMALL, Prop'rs.

FRAZER & CO.,
Having purchased the well known and popular
MEAT MARKET


Heretofore conducted by **Johnson & Mossmayer**, propose to sell Meats at 6, 8, 10, and 12½ Cents per pound, and respectfully solicit the patronage of their old customers and the public generally. Bills will be collected monthly.
Market in College Block,
CORNER MAIN STREET, WOODLAND
Meat Delivered anywhere in Town.
oc1dw

MR. L. G. JORAN,
ARTIST,
Desires to inform the residents of Woodland and vicinity that he has taken rooms over the French Restaurant, where he has established a Studio for a short time for PAINTING PORTRAITS, etc.
A limited number of Students will be received for instructions in the afternoon only. Callers received from 9 to 12 A.M. and 3 to 5 P.M. au14dw

POLITICS AT THE EAST.

The New York *Sun* reviews the political situation at the East as follows, giving its views of the probable effects of the fall elections on the Presidential contest of next year:

Suppose the Republicans should carry the remaining State elections this fall. It does not by any means follow that they will have a majority on the popular vote, or that the Presidential contest will be materially affected by such a result. Of course success would increase their confidence for the time being and encourage their hopes for the future. The leaders find comfort in very slight blessings.

Maine has been a Republican State since the organization of the party, and has always been reckoned with as much confidence on that side as Kentucky has been on the other. Last year divisions and discontent led to a defeat of the machine, by a combination between the Greenbackers and the Democrats. This year the Republicans have partially recovered their lost ground. That is to say, they have regained the Legislature, which elects the Governor and other State officers, there having been no choice by the people.

But the old fashioned majority of ten or twelve thousand, which hardly wavered for more than twenty years, has wholly disappeared, and the Republicans are in a minority, small, it is true, but still a minority of the popular vote. And this is the result after an unexampled canvass, the expenditure of a very large sum of money, the open purchase of votes in the cities, and a resort to every form of trickery known to unscrupulous politicians. Yet Mr. Blaine had the cheerful effrontery to claim a great victory, when barely saved by the skin of his teeth from ignominious defeat.

Ohio is a close State, which may go either way now without any special significance as bearing on the Presidential contest in 1880. A Republican Governor was elected in California a few weeks ago, known to be in sympathy with the mighty corporation that has long ruled the State and to which a great majority of the people are opposed. The Central Pacific managers knew how to divide their opponents and thus to conquer.

The fall elections will settle nothing, and may forshadow very little, as far as the Presidential question is concerned. The events of the approaching session of Congress will shape that question long before the two National Conventions meet, and will shape it in a way to leave little doubt as to the final issue. The programme of the Republican stalwarts is to force a sectional campaign and to nominate Grant as its exponent. If the Democrats are weak or foolish enough to fall into this trap they will deserve to be beaten. If they are wise and know how to profit by a dearly purchased experience, the way to the White House is open before them.

It may be necessary to run out of the old ruts, and it is indispensable to discard Bourbonism. One thing above all others must be borne in mind if success is desired. The Democratic candidate in his own person, by his antecedents, and by his recognized character, should give the country assurance that in the event of his election there will be an end to sectional agitation.

No other sort of candidate can hope to win, and it is better that that fact should be clearly understood now than when it may be too late.

THE RETURNING WAVE OF PROSPERITY.

A well informed and observing party, who have just returned to California from an extended tour through the Eastern States, says the *Bee*, tells us that the newspaper reports of better times there is founded upon a solid basis, and has not been gotten up for effect, but because it is a fact. In manufactures, in commerce, in art, in industry of every kind, there is a great revival on the other side of the mountains and every portion of the Eastern States. Where dullness reigned there is activity—where enforced idleness was the order of the day there is now much employment for willing hands. And with this increase of employment comes hope and joy. Society is much in the condition of a row of bricks, each resting on the others; one upon all and all upon one, so that when one tumbles, all fall. If the wheels of one department of industry be clogged, all will be more or less checked, hence it is for the interest of all that none shall be depressed. The returning wave of prosperity—and there can be no permanent prosperity where labor is idle—cannot stay in any portion of the Republic, but must sweep with greater or lesser force across it all, wherefore California must soon begin to feel herself lifted upward and carried onward by the current. It is almost certain that the coming Spring, if not the present Winter, will bring to California renewed vigor in all commercial and industrial affairs. Indeed, the business people of San Francisco are free to say now that they feel a great improvement already. Since the late election, matters have picked up wonderfully. Confidence, which was at a vast discount, is gaining a strong foothold among the public, men of means are looking for chances to invest, and faith in one another is fast returning to bring peace and prosperity to the people. And as it is in San Francisco so is it here, and so must it be elsewhere.

In New York a few days since there took place another one of those unnatural marriages between a Chinaman and a girl of American birth. To add to the revolting aspect of the affair we are told that the fortunate bride was the chosen jewel of a number of ardent admirers, of good standing in society, and who were decidedly infatuated with the amiable son of the Flowery Kingdom. We dont blame the girls. Their actions go to show that they were not really accountable for what they might do. But the Chinaman ought to have done better than seek the hand of one possessing so little common sense. It is to be presumed that the Chinaman got the worst of the bargain.

LET THE LINE BE DRAWN.

The attitude of the Republican party of this State at the present time is by no means as agreeable as its friends would desire. Just emerging from a political victory, it might be supposed that all is harmony within the ranks and that no obstacle prevents continued success; but on closer observation it will be found that it has contracted a burden that must deprive its vitality before it has proceeded much further. When that party formed an alliance with the Central Pacific Railroad it took a step into the dark which must sooner or later prove disastrous to its welfare. It took into its protecting care the infant that was to become its master, and although it has made several vigorous attempts to abrogate the alliance, the relation is more compact to-day than at any other period during its existence. The intelligence of the Republican party of California is bound up in a journalistic godhead comprising the *Spirit of the Times*, *Record-Union*, and F. M. Pixley of the *Argonaut*. They virtually move and direct the course of the Republican party, and it is well known that Governor Stanford moves them. Time has been when prudence prompted these journals to disclaim the existence of fellowship between the Railroad and the Republican party. But now they make bold to herald the recent Republican success as a signal Railroad victory, and we have heard no denial as coming from the radical press, except from such ignorant, uninformed sheets as the *Mail*, a little hebdomedal published here in Woodland; and had the R. R. considered these sheets worthy their hire, in all probability they, too, would acquiesce in the expressed sentiment. It must, indeed, be humiliating to the true friends of the party to have the Railroad, which they have so long endeavored to shield from the public view, to rise up now and say, "We are the Republican party and the victory is ours," the people we have feared so long have finally come to our support." But this is the picture, turn it as you may; look at it from any standpoint, but its phase is the same. Heretofore the Republican party has denied any relationship with the Railroad, for the very simple reason that such an alliance, if proclaimed, would drive from its ranks thousands who were not willing to place the State Government in such hands; what has now come over the party to warrant such a mainfesto is beyond our sense of comprehension to determine. It is certain that the power of the Railroad is as much to be guarded against now as it ever has been, and judging from the prominence it has gained in our State politics, it is much more to be feared. Under this condition of things it will readily be seen that the present position of the party in this State does not augur well for its future success. It is the unhappy possessor of a white elephant which has declared the bold intention to rule or ruin, and promises fair to do both, so far as the Republican party is concerned. It will now be in order for the newly converted party to assume the appropriate name of the Railroad Party of California. By doing this, people will not be deceived in the nature of the party they belong to. In the meantime, the astounding fact will dawn on the bewildered senses of these astute party leaders that a majority of the people of this State are not in favor of the Railroad although they were led by a combination of circumstances, together with deception, to vote on that side at the late election. While we hold, as we urged all the way through the campaign—but which was denied at the time by the Republican press—that George C. Perkins was a railroad candidate, it is our sanguine belief that if the issue should come fairly and squarely before the people it would be voted down by a three-fourths ballot. Yet it is a satisfaction to know just where the party stands. It beats fighting a wolf in sheep's clothing all hollow. We trust that in the next contest these boastful leaders will place the railroad issue fairly and squarely before the people, and not keep it screened to secure one vote while making it an issue to obtain another, as was done in the recent election. Now that the line has been unmistakably drawn, let them stand by it.

MISTAKEN.

The Red Bluff *People's Cause* is mistaken in saying that the anxiety of the DEMOCRAT to have papers cease advertising Kearney is caused wholly by the injury he does to the Democratic party. We view Kearney in the same light as we do any other demagogue and speak of him accordingly. Instead of Kearney being a "thorn in the Democratic side" he is a canker-worm in the bowels of society, and no party suffers worse from his influence than the party he represents. The *Cause* thinks Kearney is bound to run a W. P. C. ticket next year, and intimates that he may elect his Presidential electors. If the question of the Workingmen's success rises to the prominence of a doubt under Kearney's leadership, it might be considered as a certainty without him. But how would the *Cause* and the Republican party like to have such a turn in political affairs.

THE recent balloon mishaps at San Francisco and at the East, the Vallejo *Chronicle* thinks, are a sad commentary upon the singular tastes of the American people, and are not without a moral. There is a sort of morbidness about these exhibitions akin to that which a motley crowd enjoys in witnessing a bull-fight. While a terror takes temporary possession of the human frame in witnessing the descent of the body of a man from a great altitude to instant death, there is a kind of frantic satisfaction, so to speak, in knowing that something has occurred to alter the usual routine of passing events. And it is just this feeling that encourages and perpetuates exhibitions of this character, and which, alas, the American possesses to an inordinate degree. Until aerial navigation has received something of a scientific surety, a law should be enacted restraining these ascents for amusement purposes.

PERU is carrying on the war with Chile under difficulties. The treasury is empty, $5,000,000 is due banks and individuals; the soldiers are without money and almost destitute of rations. In this situation of affairs the conflict, never a bloody one, cannot last long.

IN February, next year, there will be five Sundays. This fact occurs but three times in a century. Thus after 1880, we will have to wait until 1920 before the shortest month of the year can again boast of five Sundays.

That Ordinance No. 25.

Section 1 of the ordinance grants to J. W. Peek, his associates and assigns, the exclusive right for the period of ten years from the date of the adoption of this ordinance to lay down and maintain main and branch pipes for the purpose of supplying said town and its inhabitants with pure, fresh water in any and all of the streets and alleys," etc. Is the ordinance valid? To answer this inquiry in the negative might appear presumptuous when it has been answered affirmatively by the able counsel employed by the parties interested. Yet we will venture to hint that the value of the ordinance is measured precisely by the value of the paper upon which it is written; and we will attempt to give a reason for the faith that is in us.

Chancellor Kent says: "The modern doctrine is, to consider corporations as having such powers as are specifically granted by the act of incorporation, or as are necessary for the purpose of carrying into effect the powers expressly granted, and as not having any other. The Supreme Court of the United States declared this obvious doctrine, and it has been repeated in the decisions of the State Courts." "No rule of law comes with a more reasonable application. As corporations are the mere creatures of law, established for special purposes, and derive all their powers from the acts creating them, it is perfectly just and proper that they should be obliged strictly to show their authority for the business they assume, and be confined in their operations to the mode and manner and subject matter prescribed."

The Town of Woodland was incorporated by special act, and by Section Six of that act the powers of the Board of Trustees are prescribed as follows:

SEC. 6.—The Board of Trustees shall have power to pass ordinances, not inconsistent with the Constitution and laws of the United States and this State, to determine what are nuisances and control the same; to prevent any or all domestic animals from running at large within the corporation; to control and regulate slaughter-houses and provide for their exclusion from the town limits; to prohibit disorderly conduct; to provide for licensing shows, public exhibitions and lawful games; to license every kind of business authorized by law carried on within the town limits; to regulate and restrain theatrical and other amusements; *provided*, that school or college exhibitions of the various religious and charitable Orders shall not be taxed; to regulate and establish markets, to construct and keep in repair pumps, aqueducts, reservoirs, or other works necessary for protection against fire; to lay out, alter, keep open and repair all streets, alleys and public squares; to purchase or lease such real estate or personal property as may be necessary or proper for the interest of the town or the transaction of the business of the Board of Trustees or other town officers; to make all necessary arrangements for the safe keeping of prisoners; to grant the right of way to railroad companies within the corporate limits, with such prohibition and restrictions as the interests of the inhabitants may demand; to levy and collect annually a poll tax of not exceeding two dollars on each male inhabitant over the age of twenty-one years; also a dog tax of not exceeding five dollars on each dog owned in the town, and a property tax not exceeding one quarter of one per cent upon the assessed value of the real and personal property for general purposes.

If anything can be found in the foregoing section, specifically authorizing the passage of the ordinance above referred to, then it may *possibly* be valid. Or if the opinion of Kent and of the Supreme Court of the United States must fall before the Board of Trustees of the Town of Woodland, acting upon the suggestion of counsel from abroad, then the ordinance may be valid.

It may, however, be said that by some general provision of our codes, the Board of Trustees are not limited in their powers to the section above quoted. Let us look after that proposition. In the Holitical Code, title three, chapter one, Section 4356, it is said:

4356. Every subdivision of a county not exceeding in extent six square miles, with not less than two thousand inhabitants, with its metes and bounds fixed and defined, and declared by Act of the Legislature to be a "municipal corporation," is a city with the powers conferred by this title.

Under that section is Woodland a city? If so, let us see what additional powers are given. Under the same title, Sections 4410 and 4411, we quote the following:

4410. The Common Council, by ordinance, approved by the Mayor, may grant to any gas or water company the privilege of laying down pipes in the streets and alleys of such city for supplying gas and water for the streets and buildings thereon, for a term not exceeding twenty-five years.

4411. In exercising the authority mentioned in preceding section the Common Council must reserve the right to grant similiar privileges to other companies, and require the laying down of the pipes to be under the reasonable direction of the city authorities, and to be so laid as to do no injury to the proper use of the paving, planking, or macadamizing of the streets and alleys, nor to private property situate thereon.

From these views it would seem not to require a Webster to determine the validity or invalidity of the ordinance in question.

We only add that section six determines the subjects upon which the Board of Trustees may pass ordinances, such as declaring what are nuisances, preventing animals from running at large, etc. W. DOUBLEUS.

Our Sidewalks.

EDITOR DEMOCRAT:—I desire to call the attention of our City Fathers and property owners to the condition of some of our sidewalks. Now, I do not presume that our young city can afford stone, granite or marble pavement, or anything of that kind, but I do think our sidewalks should be kept half way decent. Some of the sidewalks are in good condition and speak well for the town; but there are portions again that are a most horrible substitution for a sidewalk. I do not desire to locate these unseemly places, as they are too well known to pedestrians to require it. But I will state that one is located a short distance east of the Craft Hotel, and whoever has succeeded in passing over it without breaking his neck can testify as to its condition. It is rough, uneven and worn out, and is an eyesore to every visitor of the town. Located in one of the prominent business portions of the town, it is daily commented upon and should by all means receive attention. Yours, T.

Woodland, October 9th.

Conductors' Grades.

Conductor Knight has so far recovered from his late illness as to take charge of his train—the "morning down Sacramento"—and Conductor Reynolds, who had been filling the position, has been transferred to the Calistoga train, as a relief for Conductor McMerritt, who will recreate for a few days. Conductor Reynolds' regular train is the one from Knights Landing, but as he is what is termed a fourth passenger conductor, from the top of the list, he is by right entitled to have charge or first-class passenger trains during the absence of the regular conductor. In case of the death or disability of a conductor, those behind advance one grade in proportion. West, Knight and McMerritt lead the list on this branch.—*Vallejo Chronicle.*

Letter from Knights Landing.

KNIGHTS LANDING, Oct. 8, 1879.

EDITOR DEMOCRAT:—Perhaps you are beginning to wonder what has become of "D. J." I will tell you: he has just recovered from an aggravated case of "Grant Reception." I will not attempt to describe how I came out of it, for the truth is I do not know. I have been a regular subscriber to the San Francisco *Chronicle*, and have read it regularly for some time, and the last thing I remember in the gorgeous panorama that passed before my eyes, intermingled with "Our Guest," "Hail to the Chief" and "Our Country's Savior"—on taking up the edition of Sept. 24th, my eyes encountered the following, which—if it is not asking too much—I would like to have you print in large type for future reference:

STEAMSHIP CITY OF TOKIO.
WINE CARD.
PERSON—GRANT.
STATEROOM—ONE.
KIND OF WINE—CONGRESS WATER.

I had heard of that "Chief" at Knights Ferry, at Jacksonville, Oregon, British Columbia and Eastern Oregon, and never heard of his drinking anything stronger than brandy, and to think he had fallen so low since visiting the Tycoon as to drink that horrid wine called "Congress Water," completely overpowered me. Since convalescent I have ceased taking the *Chronicle*, and taking notes of passing events, and it seems our little town also has recovered from some similar kind of a shock, for a calm serenity pervades the entire community, and everybody seems to be striving to make up some imaginary lost time. A person standing on Front street can almost constantly hear the rattle of the company's grain elevator, and at least twice a day hear the signal of some approaching steamer laden with grain from the upper country. At the present writing the steamer "Gov. Dana" is discharging a cargo of wheat from the wharf, and in the language of Miky Free, "she is a home for a poor man." She only makes three trips a week, and brings down six thousand sacks at a time. All the deck hands have to do, is to shoulder a sack of wheat and carry it forty yards through the sand, and dump it down on the schute. There is a man at the bottom does all the work and that don't affect our friend of egg notoriety, for he is now in possession of a dog, with an abbreviated narrative, much to the detriment of Lou. Provo's dog fancy, and he only makes one trip nowadays and don't carry any eggs at that. We have only one drawback to our complete prosperity now; and that I have spoken of before in my letters; we want a good dry goods store. We have drugs and drug stores in abundance, and by the way, I must say since our new Knight of the M. & P. received a brand new clock with the consoling inscription written across the face, "Simmons' Regulator"—that it seems like he wants to regulate everything by the name of Simmons in this vicinity. But if the boys want two bits worth of ammonia, and Frank is off on a regulating tour, they send for John.

Our health is good, with the exception of a broken arm, occasioned by boys over zealous in acrobatic feats, trying to climb ladders when the top end is loose, and a few shaky individuals, trembling in anticipation of the ague. We have no use for doctors, in fact we are in a good way to do well if "left alone in our glory." D. J.

Our Foot Hills.

During the last few years an immense territory has been added to the farming acreage of Yolo County by bringing under cultivation many thousand acres of hill land, and the adaptability of these lands for the cultivation of grain has been fully demonstated. Even in the most unfertile districts fair crops have been produced when our choice valley lands have failed of remunerative returns. This of course is accounted for by the advantage they hold over other lands in the manner of cultivation, which gives them a decided prestige in the event of a dry year. Yet these lands have been found to possess a virtue beyond that of producing grain alone. They are found to offer the best opportunity to cultivate the fig, orange, olive, carob, grape and other semi-tropical fruits. In other portions of the State as well as in this county, the resources of these lands are being drawn out and their more salient points brought to view. People in search of homes have found them to offer the best inducements to settlers. While they have always been held at low and considerate figures, the man of limited means could easily

The Yolo Democrat.

WOODLAND, YOLO CO., CAL.,

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1879.

Round the Year.

The daisies blossom here and there,
The clover heads nod everywhere,
And everywhere brown swallows fly—
Swift dipping low, swift soaring high,
Ah, sweet the world, but time runs by!

Now, leaves whirl earthward, crisp and brown,
Now wandering balls of thistledown
Move on, like ghosts that cannot lie;
The fields are bare, the roads are dry:
Ah, sweet the world, but time runs by!

Sweet, sweet, the world clothed round in white;
The snow-drifts shine on plain and hight:
The children shout, the sledges fly;
Hark, how the echoes ring and die!
Ah, sweet the world, but time runs by!

The snow-drifts melt in April rain;
All lovely things come back again;
Warm budding woods, and tender sky,
Song, nest and blossom. . . Glad am I,
That God has made the time run by!

—*Christian Union.*

Jimmy's Cruise in the Pinafore.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

We extract the following from a short story by Louisa May Alcott, in *St. Nicholas* for October. A poor Boston boy named James Nelson has a sick little sister, Kitty, whom nothing but country air will revive; but his mother is too poor to take her out of the hot and dusty city. So Jimmy sits and sorrows about it, until at last he makes up his mind to hire himself out to a ship's captain, and with his wages paid in advance, send Kitty to get well among the cool green fields:

Little did desperate Jimmy guess what ship he would really sail in, nor what a prosperous voyage he was about to make, for help was coming that very minute, as it generally does, sooner or later, to generous people who are very much in earnest.

First a shrill whistle was heard, at the sound of which he looked up quickly; then a rosy-faced girl of about his own age came skipping down the street swinging her hat by one string; and, as Jimmy watched her approach, a smile began to soften the grim look which he wore, for Willy Bryant was his best friend and neighbor, being full of courage, fun and kindliness. He nodded and made room for her on the step, the place they usually occupied at spare moments when they got lessons and recounted their scrapes to one another.

But to-night Willy seemed possessed of some unusually good piece of news which she chose to tell in her own lively fashion, for, instead of sitting down, she began to dance a sailor's hornpipe, singing gaily: "I'm little Buttercup, sweet little Buttercup," till her breath gave out.

"What makes you so jolly, Will?" asked Jimmy, as she dropped down beside him and fanned herself with the ill-used hat.

"Such fun—you'll never guess—just what we wanted—if your mother only will! You'll dance, too, when you know," panted the girl smiling like a substantial sort of fairy come to bring good luck.

"Fire away, then. It will have to be extra nice to set me off. I don't feel a bit like jigs now," answered Jimmy, as the gloom obscured his face again, like a cloud over the sun.

"You know 'Pinafore'?" began Will, and, getting a quick nod for an answer, she poured forth the following tale with great rapidity: "Well, some folks are going to get it up with children to do it, and they want any boys and girls that can sing to go and be looked at to-morrow, and the good ones will be picked out, and dressed up, and taught how to act, and have the nicest time that ever was. Some of our girls are going, and so am I, and you sing and must come too, and have some fun. Won't it be jolly?"

"I guess it would; but I can't. Mother needs me every minute out of school," began Jimmy, with a shake of the head, having made up his mind some time ago that he must learn to do without fun.

"But we shall be paid for it," cried Will, clapping her hands with the double delight of telling the best part of her story, and seeing Jimmy's sober face clear suddenly as if the sun had burst forth with great brilliancy.

"Really? How much? Can I sing well enough?" and he clutched her arm excitedly, for this unexpected ray of hope dazzled him.

He was so excited he could not sleep, and beguiled the long hours by humming under his breath all the airs he knew belonging to the already popular opera. Next morning he flew about his work as if for a wager, and when Will came for him there was not a happier heart in all the city than the hopeful one that thumped under Jimmy's threadbare best jacket.

Such a crowd of boys and girls as they found at the hall where they were told to apply for inspection! Such a chirping and piping went on there it sounded like a big cage full of larks and linnets! And by and by, when the trial was over, such a smiling troop of children as was left to be drilled by the energetic gentleman who had the matter in hand! Among this happy band stood our Jimmy, chosen for his good voice, and Will, because of her bright face and lively, self-possessed manner.

When the grand day came at last, and the crew of jolly young tars stood ready to burst forth with the opening chorus,

"We sail the ocean blue
Our saucy ship's a beauty,
We're gallant men and true,
And bound to do our duty!"

Jimmy hardly knew whether he stood on his head or his heels at first, for, in spite of many rehearsals, everything seemed changed. Instead of daylight, gas shone everywhere, the empty seats were full, the orchestra played splendidly, and when the curtain rose, a sea of friendly faces welcomed them, and the pleasant sound of applause made the hearts under the blue jackets dance gaily.

How those boys did sing! how their eyes shone, and their feet kept time to the familiar strains! with what a relish they hitched up their trousers and lurched about, or saluted and cheered, as the play demanded! With what interest they watched the microscopic midshipmite, listened to Ralph as his sweet voice melodiously told the story of his hapless love, and smiled on pretty Josephine who was a regular bluebird without the scream.

That was the beginning of many busy happy weeks for both the children; weeks which they long remembered with great pleasure, as did older and wiser people, for that merry, innocent little opera proved that theaters can be made the scenes of harmless amusement, and opened to a certain class of young people a new and profitable field for their talents. So popular did this small company become that the piece went on to the summer vacation, and was played in the morning as well as afternoon, to satisfy the crowds who wished to see and hear it.

But long before that time, Able Seaman James Nelson had sent his family out into the country; mother begging Will to take good care of her dear boy till he could join them, and his sister Kitty throwing back kisses as she smiled good-bye with cheeks already rosier for all the comforts "brother" had earned for her. Jimmy would not desert his ship while she floated, but managed to spend his Sundays out of town, often taking Will with him as first mate, and, thanks to her lively tongue, friends were soon made for the new-comers. When the last day came, he was in such spirits that he was found doing double-shuffles in corners, hugging the midshipmite, who was a little chap of about Kitty's age, and treating his messmates to peanuts with a lavish hand. Will had her hornpipe, also, when the curtain was down, kissed every one of the other "sisters, cousins and aunts" and joined lustily in the rousing farewell cheers given by the crew.

A few hours later, a cheerful-looking boy might have been seen trudging toward one of the railway stations. A new hat, brave in blue streamers, was on his head, a red balloon struggled to escape from one hand, a shabby carpet-bag, stuffed full, was in the other, and a pair of shiny shoes creaked briskly as if the feet inside were going on a very pleasant errand.

About this young traveler, who walked with a sailor-like roll and lurch, revolved a little girl chattering like a magpie, and occasionally breaking into song as if she couldn't help it.

"Be sure you come next Saturday; it won't be anything like such fun if you don't go halves," said the boy, beaming at his lively companion as he hauled down the impatient balloon which seemed inclined to break from its moorings.

"Yes I know
That is so!"

hummed the girl with a skip to starboard that she might bear a hand with the bag. "Keep some cherries for me, and don't forget to give Kit the doll I dressed for her."

"I shouldn't have been going myself if it hadn't been for you, Will. I never shall forget that," said Jimmy, whom intense satisfaction rendered rather more sedate than his friend.

"Running away to sea is great fun,
'With a tar that ploughs the water!'"

sung Will in spite of herself.

"'And a gallant captain's daughter,'"

echoed Jimmy, smiling across the carpet-bag. Then both joined in an irrepressible chorus of "Dash it! Dash it!" as a big man nearly upset them and a dog barked madly at the balloon.

Being safely landed in the train, Jimmy hung out of the window till the last minute discussing his new prospects with Will, who stood on tiptoe outside bubbling over with fun.

"I'll teach you to make butter and cheese and you shall be my dairy woman, for I mean to be a farmer," he said, just as the bell rang.

"All right, I'd like that ever so much," and then the irrepressible madcap burst out to the great amusement of the passengers:

"'For you might have been a Roosian,
A Frenchman, Turk or Proosian,
Or an Ital-i-an.'"

At this, Jimmy could not resist shouting back as the train began to move:

"'But in spite of all temptations
To belong to other nations,
I'm an Amer-i-can.'"

Then he subsided, to think over the happy holiday before him and the rich cargo of comfort, independence and pleasure he had brought home from his successful cruise in the "Pinafore,"—LOUISA M. ALCOTT, *St. Nicholas.*

A Friendly African King.

The heart of Africa contains a great chief, whose praises have been sounded by Livingston, Stanley, and other travelers who have visited his country. This person is Mtesa, the Kabakah or the Emperor of the territory of Uganda, a vast region to the northward of the Lake Victoria Nyanza, with its capital on the lake. The reader has heard how, within the present year, by a proclamation of imperial authority, he liberated half a million of slaves. He is remarkable for the gentleness of his nature. He has so much intercourse with white explorers that he has caught the spirit of their civilization. Stanley speaks of Mtesa as "the foremost man of Central Africa," and much inclined to adopt the Christian faith. Stanley adds: "Mtesa, if aided in time by virtuous philanthropists, will do more for Central Africa than fifty years of Gospel teaching unaided by such authority can do." The example of Mtesa, in freeing his slaves and in encouraging the visits of white men, it is believed will exercise potent influence in breaking up the slave trade. For this reason, and because his friendship will go toward the opening up of a lucrative trade in Africa, white people are anxious to cultivate his acquaintance, and, if possible, elevate his condition. It will not be many years before the old King will find himself surrounded by a white population. All the "signs of the times" encourage the belief, and it is fortunate that he invites immigration.—*S. F. Call.*

A GOOD DOG.—A Machias, Me., paper tells the following story of a kind-hearted dog:

On Friday a dog noticed a little puppy on the street which had evidently lost its mother. The little creature was whining and crying. The dog tried to induce the puppy to follow it without avail. Finally the dog took the puppy by the ear and led it off to an alley, where it left it a moment until it went off and brought back some food with which it fed the little creature. The last seen of the two the puppy was going off with its new friend.

A citizen of Fleming, Kentucky, fired at a rat, struck a keg of powder, blew his house to pieces, and had to jump into the river to keep from burning up. The rat remains unhurt.

Great truths and great men are always simple.

Turkey Bankrupt.

In no country in Europe could a government stand under a load of debt and public demoralization like that of Turkey. The Porte leads a hand-to-mouth existence, not knowing where the next forced loan is coming from. It is out of the question to apply to foreign bankers for aid, and the local Shylocks are careful to ask 40 and 50 per cent advances on their loans. It is impossible to give figures in estimating the debt and delinquencies in a government which does not pretend to pay the salaries of its officials, and which refuses to take its own paper money in payment of taxes. The soldiery, even, often suffer for the bare necessaries of life with a patience and apparent patriotism quite remarkable. With all this demoralization, nothing is done by the masses to bring about a change. Now and then the underlying discontent rises to the surface, only to be rebuked by the authorities. Recently, the *Levant Herald* printed the following vivid account of the condition of the poor soldiery, and was suspended for six months for its boldness:

"With the exception of the troops garrisoned in the capital, or at least so many of them as figure at the ceremony of the *Selamlyk*, it is notorious that the bulk of the army is in a pitiable state—ill-fed, shoeless and otherwise scarcely clad. Indeed, at Gallipoli the gallant *nizams* have been constrained to use old flour-sacks, with a hole in the bottom to admit the head, and one on each side for either arm of the hero, whom the claims of decency compelled to have recourse to that truly military costume in the absence of the uniform which the State is too impecunious to provide. The purveyors to the army at Gallipoli are unpaid, and the supplies of fresh meat and vegetables have been stopped. Much the same condition of affairs exists at Monastir and at Volo, while at Janina the quality of the rations supplied has been so bad, and the nature of the food so unwholesome, that the hospitals are crowded with sick, suffering from diseases engendered by debility resulting from improper and insufficient food."

There must be something very strange in the blood of soldiers who will put up with flour-sacks for uniforms, and consent to starve without a gleam of hope of a change for the better. The only tie that binds the remnants of the Ottoman power together is that old Oriental fatalism on which the government of the Porte was originally built. Says a Constantinople correspondent of the London *Times*: "When things are at the blackest, we learn to say 'Allah Kerim' with becoming resignation, and when a little ray of light appears and makes some sanguine friend express a vague hope of better times in the future, we bawl out an 'Inshallah' with the unction of a true believer."

The world has been long accustomed to such shows of fatalism at Constantinople, but what has become of those proposed reforms and readjustments of which England took charge, or of which she promised to take charge under the Berlin Treaty? If the Queen's speech is to be believed, all the important provisions then adopted are being carried out. Then why this neglect of the internal reforms of Turkey? The way money is now raised, smacks strongly of Egyptian financiering. A commander, for instance, telegraphs that his troops are starving. To save a revolt a Council of Ministers is called, and the treasurer is empowered to borrow from the local bankers, who advance £100,000 and take paper with a face value of about £200,000, their guarantee being the custom-house revenues of some seaport or the tithes of a single province. The bankers then go to work on this tribute-ground thus farmed out to them, and by long practice they know how they are to get their money. Turkey lies at the mercy of these tax-wreckers, since no banker out of the country would take a barrel of Turkish paper as a gift. There is no leader in the army or the palace, and the last thing the people will think of will be to take matters into their own hands.—*N. Y. Examiner and Chronicle.*

A Disowned Son Suing His Father.

A highly romantic suit has been commenced against the Rev. George C. Pennell, rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, of Newark, N. J. The plaintiff, Robert F. C. Pennell, twenty-seven years old, claims to be the son of the reverend gentleman, and he sues for the recovery of $2,444. It is alleged that in 1852 the defendant was married in Brooklyn to his cousin, Mary Hannah Schropp, a member of one of the wealthiest families of Schroppville, New York. Shortly after she gave birth to a child, and was very ill. When convalescent she was told that her child was dead, but it is now alleged that her husband took the child, and through his father, a physician, it was placed with a Mrs. Fulton in New York, who had it Baptized Robert Fulton Crosby. In 1861 the child was taken by Mr. Raphael Renz, who kept him until June, 1873, when Renz made a claim for board at $4 per week. This claim has been transferred to the alleged son, and on it the suit is founded. The defendant denies all the allegations, and disclaims any knowledge of the plaintiff. Mrs. Pennell, the mother, lived but three years after the death of her child, and the estate which she had in her own right, worth from $8,000 to $10,000, succeeded to her husband, the defendant in this action. Plaintiff also proposes to inaugurate another suit against the defendant to recover one-third of the money left by his alleged mother.—*Baltimore American.*

Senator Hamlin says that while Vice-President, his relations with Mr. Lincoln were always amicable; Mr. Lincoln often consulted him. "I was always more radical than he was," says Mr. Hamlin; "I was urging him; he was holding back on his problems, and he was the wiser, probably, as events prove. I desired to arm the blacks and to issue the proclamation sooner than he did, and was always for urging. I was the first person he ever showed the proclamation to. I saw it before he submitted it to the Cabinet. He met me one day and said: 'Where will you be this evening?' 'I am going out of town,' I replied. 'No, you are not, sir.' 'Indeed I am, sir, unless you command me.' 'Well, I do command you. I want you to spend the evening with me at the Soldiers' Home.' I met him at the Executive Mansion, and we started to drive to the Home. As soon as we had started, he drew from his pocket the rough draft of the proclamation, and read it over to me. Naturally I was delighted and told him so. He was much moved at the step he was taking."

The Spanish Marriage.

If we are to believe the correspondents, King Alfonso of Spain has lost no time in wooing the fair Archduchess Marie Christina of Austria. The scene of their brief courtship was the pretty French watering-place of Arcachon, on the Bay of Biscay, whither the Archduchess, spite of her jaunty declaration that "if he wants to win me, let him come and woo me," went from Vienna to meet him. The two, we are told, during their sojourn there, were inseparable, walking the gardens hand-in-hand in true lover fashion, and the King declaring himself to be supremely happy. Indeed, in the ardor of his passion His Majesty has committed several breaches of rigid Spanish etiquette, making unexpected calls, kissing his hand to the numerous balconies of the villa where his fair lady was enshrined, etc. And yet it is only a year and a half since the bells were pealing for his marriage with Princess Mercedes, and only a few months since the same bells were tolling the requiem of his bride and queen, dead in the bloom of her golden youth.

The Archduchess Christina is the daughter of the Archduke Charles Ferdinand of Hapsburg, who was a grandson of the Emperor Leopold of Austria. She is just twenty-one years of age, is finely educated, an excellent linguist, and has a keen taste for the piquancy and splendors of life. The advances of King Alfonso were not at first received with favor by the Austrian Government, but difficulties were gradually removed, though some peculiar conditions were imposed by the Hapsburgs. As stated by a correspondent, "the series of mysterious deaths in the royal family of Spain in the course of the last twelve months caused a good deal of apprehension among the Austrians, and made them hesitate at accepting the proposals of an alliance. But in due time a compromise was elaborated. The new Queen will take with her from Vienna her own medical attendant, her own private secretary, three ladies of honor and three chamberlains, and will, moreover, be dowered from His Majesty's personal property, the capital of the same to be deposited in a foreign bank, beyond the reach of revolutions and *pronunciamientos*, which, as experience has shown, sometimes drive kings and queens into exile and poverty." The same writer adds:

"The marriage is not likely to be popular. It is opposed by even consistent Royalists, who point to history to prove that Austrian alliances have always brought ill-luck with them; while the Liberals are alarmed by the probable consequences of such a union. The Archduchess is almost fanatical in her attachment to the Catholic Church, and they believe will be so much under the influence of the clergy that the moral conquests of 1868 may be imperiled. All these considerations are certainly of great weight in a country which, like Spain, has only recently and with difficulty emerged from a period of constant revolution, but Spanish politicians should have urged them sooner; and such is the influence—backed by intelligent bayonets—of the Prime Minister, that I think we may count upon a favorable vote of the Cortes, when the representatives of the people meet on the 5th of October, and that the nuptial ceremonies will be celebrated with great pomp, at Madrid, immediately after the expiration of the mourning for the Infanta Dona Maria del Pilar, excepting always some new family bereavement shall again necessitate an adjournment."

It is said that Alfonso has munificently ordered the rooms which were prepared for Mercedes in his different palaces to be newly furnished for his consort that is to be. She will have the satisfaction of knowing that there is not in her apartments a single object to remind the King of her interesting predecessor. She will be fortunate, indeed, if the world shall find in her the same sweet and tender graces which won for Mercedes the homage of all noble hearts.—*Frank Leslie.*

Wealth of the Empress Eugenie.

The ex-Empress of France is said to be one of the richest widows in England. In addition to her Hungarian estate, she has a castle in Spain and a nice place in Switzerland. But hard cash is what comes most useful to dethroned sovereigns who hope to return, and of this the Empress has long had abundance. It is estimated in Paris that she is worth at least a million sterling. Only recently she sold a large block of house property in the Rue d'Alba, in Paris, and M. Rouher's house, a well-known political center at the corner of the Rue d'Elysee, was sold last year for £15,000. The death of the Prince adds to her property, since he left to her a considerable amount of landed property in Italy, as well as the Toulouse property, bequeathed to him by the grizzly General, who had been equerry to the Prince when he toddled about the corridors of the Tuileries nearly three feet high, and weighted with the miniature uniform of a colonel in the Cente Garde. This vast property was no incumbrance to the Empress while she had a son to live and scheme for. It was drained pretty freely by the Bonapartist organs of the press in France. The Ordre and the Pays were lavishly supported by the Empress, and she also drew handsome checks in favor of the reduction of the Gaulois. The need for keeping these fires warm is now dead. The Empress is not likely to keep newspapers alive to work for good cousin Jerome; she will not, however, find her riches an embarrassment as long as the priests have ready access to her. A newspaper supplies large outlets for superfluous cash, but I think on the whole the Church can hold its own in rivalry of this character, and a good churchwoman like the Empress will not find occasion to distress herself for means of disposing of the interest, and eventually the capital, of a million sterling.—*Paris letter to Philadelphia Times.*

A CLERGYMAN'S RIDE.—A clergyman has arrived at Flemington, N. J., to visit some relatives of his, after a ten weeks' journey on horseback. He left New Orleans on the 1st of June, and has been traveling ever since, resting on Sundays only. He came every mile of the way on his horse, and has not been impeded by the heat or the storms he encountered. He made it a practice to cover thirty-five miles each day, and then stop for the night. His only variation from the rule was on the last day of his journey, when he made forty-five miles. His route led through Savannah and Richmond.

Opening of the First Passenger Railroad in the World.

Just forty-nine years ago—that is September 15th, 1830—the first passenger railroad in England, the Liverpool and Manchester Railway was opened with great ceremony. A year before a prize of £500 had been offered for the best locomotive engine, which had been won by Robert Stephenson's Rocket, upon which was subsequently modeled the old grasshopper engines of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, their appearance being suggestive of their name. Eight locomotive engines had been completed and placed upon the line, and all had been tested with entire success. To every engine was attached four passenger carriages, each containing twenty persons. The first engine, the Northumbrian, drew the most distinguished guests—the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, and other members of the Ministry. It had one line of the double track to itself. The other seven locomotives with their carriages, followed each other on the other line. The procession started from Liverpool at 11 o'clock, with flags, music, fine weather, and great enthusiasm. Seventeen miles from Liverpool they stopped to take in water, and in order to afford the Duke of Wellington an opportunity of seeing the procession, the seven locomotives with their carriages, were ordered to pass slowly by the Northumbrian standing on its track. Several gentlemen had alighted while the locomotives were taking in water, and one of them, Mr. Huskisson, member of Parliament for Liverpool, and an earnest supporter of the railroad cause, catching sight of the Duke of Wellington, between whom and himself there had been some political coolness, ran eagerly across the track to shake him by the hand. At that moment the order was given for the seven engines to move forward. Mr. Huskisson was bewildered. The Rocket, which was the leading engine, struck him while he was still in doubt where to flee. The wheels went over his leg and thigh, and he expired that evening. The accident cast a deep gloom over the day's festivity. The trip was concluded, that people along the line might not be disappointed, but all rejoicing and gayety were at an end. The next day the railway was opened for passenger traffic, and carried 140 persons from Liverpool to Manchester in two hours. The original calculations of the construction had been based upon probable returns from heavy merchandise traffic—coal, cotton and iron. They had formed no high expectation of any great emolument from transporting passengers. But the railway was hardly opened before an average of 1,200 persons daily were willing to trust it with their lives. In a few years it was found that the enormous traffic was too heavy for the original rails, and it became necessary to rslay the road at a considerable expense. But though September 15, 1830, is the greatest day in railroad annals, being that on which the world's first railroad was opened complete, our own Maryland Railroad preceded the Liverpool & Manchester in utility. The first sod of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was broken for its construction July 4, 1828, and by the next year horse-cars assisted by one locomotive engine, were carrying passengers and traffic between Baltimore, the Relay House, and Ellicott's Mills.—*American.*

TEXAN SOCIETY.—A journey of several weeks' duration in the Lone Star State revealed the fact that in the eyes of every true Texan the particular location where he has taken root is the focal attraction, the garden center of the earth, while the next town is the antipodes of all that is good, great and prosperous. The native, and the man who came down in '46 as a soldier, remaining in the State through its short-lived era as a republic, and ever since hold themselves as a sacred aristocracy, and however kindly their sentiments towards later occupants of the soil, they cannot refrain from frequent allusion to the peculiarly constructed laws, such as the "Homestead Act," which makes Texas a desirable refuge for those who cannot afford to live in a State where creditors can squeeze hapless debtors between the jaws of the legal vise. It is true that on account of such laws the modern population contains a large percentage of men who have tasted the bitterness of debt, of seizure and distraint, and not liking the flavor, have sought the friendly shadow of Texan statutes, and builded anew.

The significant initials "G. T. T." (*Gone to Texas*), inscribed on the bolted door of an involved merchant, are accepted as *prima facie* evidence that he, too, has *bolted*. It must not be inferred from this that all who have located within the domain of the Lone Star are to be suspected of financial short-comings. Through the northern and central portions of the State many well-to-do farmers and merchants are found who have migrated from the frost-lands of Minnesota and Wisconsin to a region which, at the worst, knows but a few days of cold and snow in the course of a twelvemonth. Such men have built up a condition of society of which they are justly proud, and jealous lest the sins of the frontier, which have too often made the name of Texas a synonym of lawlessness, be brought to their doors. In the cottage homes of such cities as Dallas, Austin, Houston, and the metropolis of the Western Gulf, Galveston, the chance guest will find scattered about the current literature of the two worlds. Libraries will be found replete with the more erudite forms of publication, and the daughters of the family may treat a friend to selections from the newest operatic compositions of the season. In point of fashion, the costumes of the ladies conform quite as closely to the edicts of the modistes as do those of their metropolitan sisters. The richly-stocked shelves of the merchants in wearing apparel prove that the finest productions of the loom are in quite as active demand here as in the East.—FRANK. H TAYLOR in *Harper's Magazine.*

ASTOR HOUSE ROLLS.—Into two quarts of flour put a piece of butter size of an egg, a little salt, one tablespoonful of white sugar, one pint of milk, scalded and added while warm; half a cup of yeast, or one small cake; when the sponge is light, mold for fifteen minutes; let rise again, roll out, cut into round cakes; when light, flatten with the hand or rolling-pin, place a piece of butter on top, and fold each over itself; when light, bake in a quick oven.

It is, after all, the person who stakes the least, who loses most. In the affections this is wholly true. He who risks nothing, loses everything.—*Simms.*

Some Words to "Young Housekeepers."

As often has been said, I feel a sincere sympathy for every young wife, housekeeper, mother, for so comes the succession of position to most within the first year after marriage, and while they are seeming to enjoy the festivities attendant upon matrimony, the dinner, the teas, the evening parties, I know from experience that too often their thoughts are busy upon far different things, and they are perplexed over matters upon which they would not consult their nearest friend. Just here I would like to say to each bride who reads this, don't make a mountain out of a mole-hill, and if you believed Ichabod loved you before you married him, as assuredly you did, just continue in that belief, and as you know your brothers, sisters and parents loved you, yet did not constantly doubt it, because of little differences or offenses. Don't be easily provoked, or expect to continue the little flirtations or tiffs after marriage you indulged in before, the reconciliations are never so pleasant; neither overexert yourself to please your relations-in-law, unless you can continue it honestly. Ichabod's parents, from the fact that they are his parents, deserve polite consideration, after you are married, just the same you were willing to render before. I know of what I speak and would caution against confiding in any one but your husband, and can from this same experience give a good way to rid one's self of grievances.

Once when I felt highly indignant over a real or fancied affront, (it matters little at the time which it may be,) when I felt really wretched, and wished I'd never seen any one in the country my new home was made in, I decided to just write all about it to my confidential friend, so I went at it and wrote a pitiful story enough. When I had finished I read it over and took a hearty cry over the sorrowful tale, then carried it down stairs to get an envelope, but, as I passed the stove, the open door suggested the letter-box, and I laid my nicely-written sheets on the coals, and laughed softly to think what a happy escape I had from making a goose of myself; since that time when I've felt so, as who has not, the memory of the cremation of my first efforts at autobiography, has brought a smile and helped to banish the "bother;" just adopt that title "bother" for your difficulties, say, "botheration" and start again. If that will not do try my plan, write all about it, read it over next morning and see if you don't deposit it just where I did mine.

Young housekeepers often fall into trouble by making expensive preparations for entertainment of their friends at first, and afterwards find it too much trouble as well as too costly. It is well to have whatever one has, right, good of its kind, and the friends who are worthy the name of friends, who care for your society will not think any worse of you that the bill of fare is simple, where those who visit you merely to be fed, will never in any way repay you for your trouble. If one begins right with the neighbors when going into a strange neighborhood, many useful friends may be made, but an unguarded word of criticism or indifference may make an enemy of one in every way desirable as a friend. My mother often said she could live without relations, but not without neighbors, and the way to have good neighbors is to be one's self, and I can testify to the truth of her experience in this way as well as from my own. I involuntarily pity the people who say, (in supreme contempt of the vulgar folks with whom they daily are thrown,) "we have no neighbors," and feel often grateful to my dear mother for a habi (formed by her charges to me wh about to visit my young friends) of a ways paying respect to old people, of treating them with rather marked consideration, and now find it of every day use to me, in contrast with both neighbors and relations. This egotism is doubtless a bore to many, but if it helps one over a slough of despond, or warns of unforseen danger, it will have accomplished the object of one who has not forgotten in a few years the many trials of the first year, truly said to be the hardest of the life of a young wife and housemother.—*The Household.*

Testing Machine for Fabrics.

The custom of testing iron, wood and other building materials, and testing wire, ropes, cables, etc., and using these tests as a measure of the commercial value of the materials, has proved to be so advantageous that the same idea is being applied to woven fabrics of all kinds. For testing the strength of fabrics, a new machine has been introduced, designed to report pulling strains from half a kilo up to 250 kilos. The machine consists of an upright standard, supporting a hollow beam of iron, containing scale levers with a brass weighing scale having a sliding weight and a graduated scale. Suspended from the weighing apparatus, is a clamp lined with leather, and so arranged, that when the end of the piece of fabric to be tested is clamped between the jaws, the strains will be evenly balanced and distributed. Below this on the base of the machine is a roller controlled by a hand-wheel, and round this the other end of the fabric is wrapped, when, on turning the wheel, the strains are applied, and by moving the weight on the scale-beam, so as to keep it continually balanced, a point is reached where the fabric is torn apart. This point shows the breaking strain of the material. The percentage of stretching before breaking may also be found in the same manner. If all fabrics were tested in such a machine, and the breaking point carefully noted and marked on the goods when offered for sale, data would be provided which would place the money value of the goods on an exact basis.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

BAKED TOMATOES.—Peel them and put into a baking-dish with bread crumbs, butter, pepper and salt, one onion, if you like it; sift corn-meal over the top of them and bake slowly; they will take between two and three hours to bake; if they are acid, use sugar instead of salt.

BIRD'S NEST PUDDING.—Pare and core tart apples; fill the openings with butter and sugar; put into a pan a heaping teaspoonful of dry tapioca and sugar to each apple; then put in the apples; sprinkle over them cinnamon; fill the pan nearly full of water and bake.

Do not despise the opinion of the world; you might as well say that you care not for the light of the sun because you can use a candle.

For Bachelors Who Wish to Marry.

Truth offered a prize for the best letter, the subject to be the refusal of an offer of marriage. The result was an inundation nearly filling the editor's office. The amount of latent ability in the female sex for this kind of duty is simply appalling—to timid badhelors. Here are samples, beginning with "Portia," who took the prize:

Dear Mr. ——, I am very sorry; I appreciate you immensely, but I cannot give the casket without the gem.

PORTIA.

Sweet sounds that give delight and hurt not.—*Tempest.*

Dear Mr. Caliban,—In declining the honor of an offer from *you* I am constrained to own, in justice to my judgment, that I only refuse such an one because I have accepted such another.

MIRANDA.

Friend ever, husband never. A. S. P.

No, thank you. SWEET PEA.

Dear Mr. ——, Take back your offer. I cannot send a refusal to you, the friend I so value and esteem.

LANARK.

Deeply sensible of the greatest compliment that can be paid to a woman, I am yet unable to accept the offer.

ARUAL.

Your proposal honors me, but as high esteem cannot give place to sincere affection, prudence compels me to decline.

SUFFOLK.

——, Honor and friendship you gain unasked; obedience and love you will never win from GLADYS AP TUDOR.

Dear M.—Believe me, I am as keenly alive to the value of the love you offer me as I am to my inability to reciprocate it. I must ever regret that the pleasure I took in your society should have led you to think that I had any other feeling for you than that of admiration for your talents and esteem for your character. Those feelings I must ever retain, and I trust, therefore, that when you find one who will respect you as I do, and love you as you deserve to be loved, which you surely will do some day, you will regard as one of the truest of your friends, your much honored

ZENOBIA BARRAGWENALT.

Please believe that though I cannot accept your offer of marriage I have a higher opinion of myself in having been able, even unintentionally, to win the affection of one so worthy of a woman's best love. HAMMOND.

No, dear; mother says I mustn't.

POOR POLLY.

Dear sir,—In declining a proposal which I trust you will believe I appreciate as the highest compliment you could possibly have paid me, I beg to assure you, in all sincerity, that upon a review of my own demerits it is my belief that my refusal of your offer of marriage is the best and most unselfish return I can make you. Believe me, dear sir, yours sincerely,

PINK DOMINO.

Dear Mr. Jones,—I received your letter this morning. I am deeply grieved to think that I should have led you to believe that I entertained for you feelings warmer than those of ordinary friendship. I assure you I have done so quite unconsciously. Most humbly do I ask your pardon for the pain which I fear I shall cause you when I beg you not only to forgive, but also to forget me. If you *should* ever think of me, please do so as your sincere well-wisher, MARY BROWN.

My dear Edwin,—There is nothing in the world I value more than your friendship. You suggest to me the adoption of a course by which I should most certainly lose it. How cruel, how unkind! But the strength of my regard makes me invulnerable to temptation. I am too much your friend to marry you, and such I hope always to remain. Ever your sincere friend,

ANGELINA.

I can hardly say whether I am more surprised, pleased or pained by this most flattering expression of your feelings for me. Surprise is dominant when I think of my own unworthiness; pleasure when I reflect that one whose opinion I value so much pays me the greatest compliment in his power; but pain is finally predominant when I feel that my sentiments in return are those of esteem and not of love. Forgive me if I cause present disappointment or even unhappiness. I cannot offer you dross in exchange for gold, and I hope you will feel in this that I am now acting both for your happiness and my own. Yours most truly, MARMITE.

I would that I could answer your proposal in the affirmative; but this time "I must be cruel only to be kind," for I like you too well to let you exchange affection's link for matrimonial fetters, and as for myself, I am already too happy to risk losing a lover in a husband. ŒDIPUS.

Dear sir,—You chanced to state accidentally in a recent conversation that your digestion was not good. This being the case, I feel it would be unwise for me to accept the proposal you have just made, for amiability of temper and chronic dyspepsia, as I know too well from my dear father's case, are utterly incompatible one with the other. A man with a bad digestion can, alas, never make a good husband. Yours sympathetically, SARAH ACTON.

THE RUINS OF BABYLON.—The traveler who is fortunate enough to see Babylon in April cannot call it desolate. The date groves and gardens along the banks of the Euphrates are then things of beauty in their fresh spring verdure, and the plain itself is laid down with crops. Irrigation canals cross it here and there, and give trouble to the horseman. No grass grows upon the mounds, and there are patches of the level white with the niter which is to be found here as in other parts of Mesopotamia; but the surface of the soil is on the whole green and pleasant to the eye. The glad waters of the river flow in the bright morning sunshine, with palm and mulberry hanging over its banks, drinking in sap and life. The great city which counted its population by millions, and filled the world with a renown not yet forgotten has disappeared under the dust of twenty centuries; but nature is as fresh and jocund as when Babylon was still unbuilt. Birds sing overhead in the pleasant spring air; balmy ordors regale the senses. It is difficult under the circumstances to feel as one perhaps ought to feel for the great capital which once cumbered the ground; for nature makes its grave beautiful.

Grave-stones do not mention the fact, but there have been men whose dying was the only good thing accomplished by them.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Personal.

An exchange says: "Let Gail Hamilton take the stump." She can take anything she wants so long as she lets our hair alone, wails the Chicago *Tribune*.

It is stated that the Empress Eugenie has now actually purchased the splendid castle of Wasserburg, Upper Styria. The front of the castle contains one hundred and twenty-two windows, and the building is over four hundred years old.

Garibaldi's daughter, a girl of twelve years of age, was taking a sea bath the other day at Civita Vecchia, when a young man who could not swim got out of his depth, and at his cry for help the girl swam toward him, caught him as he was sinking, and brought him safe to land.

Lord Palmerston, in a moment of excessive admiration, exclaimed with undiplomatic reserve, to the Duchess of ——, "Your grace, your beauty really kills time." "Not so," sighed the duchess, after a thoughtful pause; "on the contrary, time kills beauty, but he will be at least powerless to mow down the record of a handsome compliment."

Sarah Bernhardt, the great French actress, has four children. One of them, a bright boy, accompanied her on her triumphal tour to London, and was taken by her to all the fine houses where she was entertained. He always addressed her *Mademoiselle, ma mamma*. Moncure Conway, writing of her, says: —Sarah Bernhardt is a woman of real genius. I believe her to be a woman of heart, and that she has obeyed her heart in these matters wherein it is said to be more holy to obey custom.

When Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," returned to Boston after a long absence in Europe he called upon a lady, an old schoolmate, who said: "Mr. Payne, don't you find Boston much changed?" "Yes, madam," he answered, "very much—I received many invitations to attend church, and very few to dinner." When the poor poet went to assume his office at Tunis, his luggage was at once pathetic and amusing—he had several trunks filled with books, and hardly any clothes.

Brigadier General Ord is a remarkable man. He is about sixty years of age, tall, weatherbeaten, and full of energy and spirit. He has been no "holiday" general. His features bear the impress of hard service, and his plain, blunt, but cordial manners stamp him the true patriot and soldier. He is seen almost every day with members of his family, on horseback, sitting erect as a young man of thirty, and perfectly at home in the saddle. He is said to be the finest rider in the army, and is excelled by none in horsemanship outside of the professional circus rider.—[San Antonio (Texas) letter.

Yakoob Kahn, the Afghan ruler, has a decidedly aristocratic appearance. He is of middle height, straight and well built. His complexion is that of an Italian, his features being of the usual coarsely squiline Afghan type. His expression is somewhat stern and careworn, but indicates character and resolution. His beard is short, crisp and black. He lately rode into the British camp, dressed in an Afghan cloak of the finest material, made with evident attention to a becoming fit, and European trousers fastened under a neat polished leather boot by chain straps. His head-dress was a close-fitting cap of Astrakhan wool. He sat on his horse erect and well,

The Women of To-Day.

A lady now at Saratoga wears $100,000 worth of diamonds.

Two young ladies have taken a horseback ride from New York to Waterbury, Vermont.

Mrs. Morehouse, of Liverpool, N. Y., has bestowed $30,000 upon the Syracuse University.

In Dublin the porcelain at the Female Industrial School is very superior and widely sought.

Only nine women presented themselves for the Harvard examinations this year against sixteen last year.

Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, the authoress and anti-slavery agitator, is now 77 years old, and lives at her old home in Wayland, Mass.

It was announced in Paris that on the 10th of July ladies would be allowed to take seats on the tops of the omnibuses in the boulevards of the French capital.

An Arab writer says, "A woman will make as long and patient a tug as a camel if you will only give her a kind word and show her a bit of green comfort at the end."

A new prophetess, with twelve apostles has arisen in Russia. She preaches austerity of life, the avoidance of wine, meat and marriage, and nothing but tea for liquid refreshment.

Catholic women in Rome in very large numbers have signed and published a formal protest against the proposed Italian law which makes the civil marriage obligatory before the ecclesiastical.

An old lady at Newport scours New England for old china, spinning wheels, ancient clocks, brass candlesticks, which she sells to Newport cottagers. Her rooms are curiosity shops, and she makes a good living.

"A Cincinnati shop manager says that he employs girls because they attend to business better than boys," says the *Commercial*, and adds, "The next question is, Does the proprietor pay them as much as he would be obliged to pay boys?"

At the graduating exercises of the High School at Newburyport, Mass., one of the girls wore a print suit, her father having offered her $100 if she would do so. But with woman's tact the pattern was of so delicate a nature that at a short distance it passed for silk.

In the paper collar industry nearly 10,000 girls from 12 to 16 years of age are employed. A skillful girl can count and box 18,000 collars during a day of ten hours' length. Many hundreds work in gold leaf factories where delicacy of touch and close attention are indispensable rather than heavy labor.

Mrs. Christene Olenson, of Chicago, is a helpmeet indeed to her husband. She is a thorough cabinetmaker, and every wooden article of furniture in her house was made by her own hands. She was taught her trade by her father in the old country, and puts it to the good use of furnishing her own house in a style that would be envied by the majority of people in much better circumstances in life.

Southern Society Before the War.

General Charles G. Dahlgren of the confederate army thus recalls the palmy days of the ancient *regime*. Natchez was the home and pride of the cream of the southern aristocracy. It was surrounded by the beautiful homes of the planters, whose broad acres extended up the river for many miles. The finest people on God's earth lived there. Why shouldn't they have been? They spent money enough to secure every grace and accomplishment. The society, though, was the most exclusive, I believe, in the world. The people did not look for money, or good clothes especially, although it perhaps required both of these to maintain a position once obtained, but they looked at character. If that was all right in a man, he was welcome and was treated warmly and hospitably; but if he was tested there, and not found sound, then he had no hopes of favor. There was a wealthy slave trader who used to come to Natchez with his wife. She was a woman of rare beauty and graceful demeanor, and all that money could buy her was bestowed upon her, but she was ostracised because her husband sold slaves. The very planters themselves were guilty of this, but they quieted their consciences with the feeling that they did not make it a traffic, and that they never separated families, but speculating in human flesh and blood was so repugnant to their sensibilities that there was a perfect loathing of a slave-trader. So this poor, yet very rich woman, came to Natchez, stopped at the very best hotel, and had not a particle of society. One morning I met her husband crossing the street, carrying a box in his hand. "Dahlgren," he said, "I am not happy." "What!" I said, "not happy with all your millions?" "Oh," he said, "money is nothing. I will give you all that is in that box, and I will guarantee that there is $500,000 there, if you will introduce my wife to the people you know." I passed on. He might as well have asked me to take his wife on a journey to the stars. There were in those days men about Natchez who had incomes varying from $100,000 to $500,000 a year. Men were accustomed to think and talk on a big scale. When a bank was organized in Natchez there was a dispute about the salary of a cashier, and one gentleman impatiently said that he could not waste his time discussing a matter like that, and told the other directors that, as their only object in organizing a bank was to get interest on their money, if they would hand him over their million of dollars of capital, he would pay them their interest. I remonstrated one day with my brother-in-law for indorsing to the extent of $900,000 for a neighboring planter. "Oh," he said, "what do I care for that amount? See, here is a report of my sales from Liverpool. The amount is $400,000." One morning I met S. S. Prentiss going along the street. He was one of the most brilliant lawyers at the bar of his day, but unfortunately loved his liquor too well. He had a roll of bills of a large denomination in his hand, and said, "I just got these for making a three hours' speech." The fee was $20,000.

The Story of the Medium Slade.

About three years ago one of the most famous leaders in the spiritualistic ranks was Slade, the medium and lecturer. He was very daring in his exploits, and became notorious throughout the country for his audacity and the number of persons whom he drew under his influence.

He made a considerable amount of money here, and in the latter part of 1876 he went to England, where he continued his career as a medium, and for some time he was a rival of Home, the lucky medium who married a rich widow, whom he had taught to believe in "spirits." Finally, Slade was arrested, and tried in London, on January 29, 1877, for fraudulently obtaining money by means of the unlawful power he obtained from his occupation as a medium. It was charged that as spiritualism was not a belief sanctioned by the law, it was a delusion and a fraud, and that its use to extort money from the credulous was against public policy. The trial brought up the question as to whether spiritualism was a fraud or not, and the case became the talk of the day, and Slade was given a world-wide reputation thereby. Slade was found guilty of fraudulent practices, and was sentenced to three months' imprisonment and hard labor, but his sentence was afterwards quashed on some technical ground.

Slade went to Australia and then came to San Francisco. A few days after the steamer arrived, a conversation was overheard between the ship's doctor and an intimate friend of his, in which the startling statement was made by the medical man that Slade, the medium, was a woman, and was as perfectly developed as any of her sex.

The physician gave the following account of the manner in which he made the strange discovery. The gentleman who occupied the stateroom with Slade on board the steamer, is a man who is well known here in Pittsburg, where he has many friends. He was not an admirer of Slade or his doctrines, and did not have much conversation with him—or rather her. One day when in mid-ocean Slade was stricken down with something like paralysis while in his stateroom. The other occupant of the room came in, and finding Slade ill and probably unconscious, he began to remove Slade's clothing and rub his (her) sides and chest to bring back the circulation of the blood. It was then that the discovery of Slade's sex was made. When Slade recovered sufficiently to talk she begged that the gentleman would not expose her. He said that he would not do so publicly if she acknowledged the truth to the physicians of the steamer. Slade at last consented and told the doctor all about it. He made an examination which proved beyond a doubt that she was a perfectly developed woman. One of the queerest parts of the story is that Slade wears a heavy mustache. She said that she had always wanted to be taken for a man, and had shaved her face daily when very young, and had kept the practice up until she had a long, heavy mustache, of which she was very proud and which she took great care of and could have had a beard and whiskers if she dressed them.

Luck is a good thing, but one cannot always afford to wait for it. Pluck is a better thing, because it is always ready to begin.

Every person has two educations—one which he has received from others, and one the more important, which he gives himself.

From Ulundi to Landman's Drift.

In a private letter Mr. Archibald Forbes, of the *London News*, speaks thus of his famous ride from Ulundi:

"Many men tried to dissuade me; my enterprise was freely characterized as 'madness' and 'd—d foolhardiness.' Evelyn Wood was the last man to urge an objection, and when that had no avail he gave me a telegram for his wife. The night was just falling as I rode up the steep, rugged track from the lager into the bush. I was riding a dark chestnut horse whose pluck and staying power I knew well, and I meant to test both. My great effort was to traverse as much ground as possible before it got quite dark, for I did not like the interval of pitchy darkness before the moon should rise about 8 o'clock. So I sent the chestnut along at best pace. It was a gruesome ride, and I would sooner be shot at for two hours at a stretch than do it again. There was no road, only a confusion of wagon tracks through the long grass, made by our vehicles in their advance. Everywhere the bush, in detached clumps some ten feet high, clustered thick around and among these tracks. I daren't smoke for fear the striking of a match would betray me. All that there was for me was to trust to luck, see that the flap of my revolver case was open, and keep the good horse's head straight.

"On we went, down into black gullies, where half a regiment might have lain hidden, through little patches of tall thorn brake, whose prickles tore my clothes and lacerated my skin, stumbling over fallen trunks, wading through tall rank grass, always with ears cocked and every sense on its fullest tension. Several fires were visible through the bush foliage to right and to left, doubtless the night fires of straggling Zulus. Behind me seethed the Gebenna of the blazing Ulundi and the other kraals fired that day. Their lurid blaze helped me on after darkness fell, which they served to mitigate. But at length I came to a dead halt near the region where the two columns camped on their march between the ridge of Entongeneni and the White Umfaloosi. The multiplicity of tracks confused me. I had fairly lost my way. I could dimly see close to me the charred relics of the great Slipane Kraal, and I knew I must be near a bog, into which, if I strayed, my horse at least would never emerge. There was no recourse but to halt where I was, and wait with what patience I might for the moon to rise. I dare say she kept her time, but I must say I thought her shockingly slow.

"At length the great disk showed above the ridge and illuminated the basin below. After a few casts I hit off the spoor, and in ten minutes more was climbing the open grassy slope that leads up to the standing camp on the Entongeneni. Here the chestnut was done, and right well had he done; but Major Upchor, of the 24, who was in command, first ordered his men a lot of rum each in honor of the good news I brought, and then furnished me with a fresh horse, and a party to guide me on my devious way. Steadily I rode on all through the bitter night under the moonlight without adventure, save an occasional missing and recovery of the road. I had an escort of two stages, and then went on alone. I passed within a few miles of the spot where some days later the bodies, pierced with assegai wounds, of poor young Scott Douglass and Corporal Cotter, of the Lancers, were found. About 4 o'clock in the morning the blinding fog came down, and then it was a case of groping for the track. On the hill above Fort Marshall the fog was so dense that I had to dismount and feel in the wet grass for the wagon ruts leading down the steep slope to the fort. Once there, dear old Col. Collingwood gave me some tea in the gray of the morning, and sent me up with a fresh horse. To make a long story short, I rode into Landman's Drift between 2 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon of the 5th, having ridden about 110 miles, using six horses. It was not much of a ride for speed—110 miles in twenty hours; but look at the delays in losing and finding the road, in getting fresh horses, etc. I know that I never halted in any one place more than half an hour, and that I made good speed is evident from the following fact: After I had left Lord Chelmsford changed his mind, and started off Guy Dawnay an hour later, under escort, with his formal dispatch. I am nearly three stone heavier than Dawnay, and weight tells infernally on these colonial ponies. Yet Dawnay did not reach Landman's Drift till 10 P. M. on the 5th instant. Leaving the Umfaloosi one hour behind me, he did not reach Landman's Drift until seven hours behind me.

"My riding, it appeared, was not yet over. On the morning of the 6th it occurred to Gen. Marshall, in command at Landman's Drift—Marshall is about the clearest headed of our chiefs—that some time might elapse before direct communication could be opened up between Wolseley and Chelmsford, and that what I would be able to tell him regarding details might be of service to the former if I were to hurry through with all speed to Port Darnford. I wasn't in the best case for another long ride, it was true. In the fight I had a thwack on the leg with a spent bullet. It had not broken the skin, but made a contusion, and the long ride had set up not a little inflammation. But it was not bad enough to let it beat a fellow, and off I set from Landman's Drift about one in the afternoon of the 6th, bent on reaching Pietermaritzburg, a distance of 170 miles, before stopping.

"My leg by this time had got so bad that I could barely walk, and now the place has sloughed out and be hanged to it. However, it will heal on board ship, whither I am going in a day or two. I mean to trek for home, perhaps I shall outspan for a few days at Cape Town; perhaps I shan't off saddle at all. This is a fearful long yarn, but once I began it I could not leave off."

AGED WINE.—A bottle of wine over 1,800 years old, found in the ruins of Pompeii, will be opened shortly on the anniversary of the destruction of that city. Unless three or four bottles of whisky are also opened, very few Kentuckians will attend the anniversary.—*Norristown Herald.*

Blessed is the man who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. Know thy work, and do it; and work at it like Hercules. One monster there is in the world, the idle man.—*Carlyle*

Our striving against nature is like holding a weathercock with one's hand as soon as the force is taken off it veers again with the wind.—*Thomas Adam.*

Saving the Boat.

Two well-known Detroit lawyers, up North on a summer trip, crossed Grand Traverse Bay the other day to Elk Rapids in a small steamboat hardly larger than a steam launch. There was a big crowd aboard, and a heavy sea rolling. The lawyers sat together on the baggage on the bow of the boat, and after the steamer got out where she felt the full force of the waves, one of them remarked to the other.

"Mr. A., there can't be the least danger."

"Not the slightest," replied the other, as he got a firm hold of the handle of a big trunk.

"It wouldn't be a swim of over four miles," continued B. as he fastened to another trunk.

"Just about four," replied A. as he anxiously looked around to see where the stock of life-preservers was kept.

The boat fell off a little and took a sea over her port bow which wet everything forward.

"Mr. A.," observed B. as he braced for a new hold and carefully observed the distant shore, "do you have any idea that there are any professors of religion aboard this boat?"

"It's purty d-doubtful," replied A. as he ducked his head to avoid the next sea.

At that moment two Indian squaws in the cabin, frightened half to death, began a wild, weird chant, and A. let go of the trunk and slid aft, saying:

"That sounds to me like a religious hymn, and I always did enjoy religious music!"

"S-so did I," replied the other as a roll of the boat pitched him over a trunk.

Reaching the cabin they discovered what sort of singing it was, and A. looked out of the windows at the whitecaps and observed:

"I don't exactly know the title of that song, but for the next half-hour I'm going to imagine that it's "Old Hundred!"

"Mr. A.," answered B. as his chin shook and quivered, "I'll go halves with you. You can imagine and I'll furnish the collection, and if we can get that doctor with the wooden leg to to take his share of this singing for 'The Dexology,' I believe that this boat will land us in Elk Rapids!"

The boat did pull through, and when the lawyers left for home they staged it twenty-one miles to avoid any new entanglements.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Talk With a Page.

A bright, intelligent page of the United States Senate is a pleasant subject to interview. A reporter of the St. Paul *Pioneer-Press* fell in with one the other day, who was making a trip to the Yellowstone country, and found him a regular daisy. Turning to the reporter, the page said: "I can give you a little incident of some historical interest." "What is it?" "I was in charge of the President's room at the Capitol when Grant's last term of office expired. Just at twelve o'clock, meridian time, acting Vice-President Ferry brought down the gavel, and Capt. Bassett, superintendent of the pages, watching him, sang out, 'Gone,' and I, holding the President's door half open, exclaimed, 'It's up, sir.' President Grant raised his hand the instant I spoke and turned to Mr. Fish and asked, 'Have I a right to finish it?' He had signed 'U. S. Gr—' to a bill. The whole Cabinet was present and a general consultation lasting five minutes followed. I don't remember what was said, but it was decided that he had a right to finish his signature. I got the bill granting a pension for Gen. Frank Blair's widow signed. A member of the House came to me and said, 'The President's time will be out in a half hour. I will give you anything you want if you will go in and run over the bills and put the Widow Blair's bill on top.' Frank Blair had done my father a service once, and I was glad to comply with the member's request. There was a great pile of bills before the President, far more than he could sign in the short time left him. I went through the pile and picked out the bill, asking the President to sign it."

"Did he do it?"

"Like a little man. He is not half as big a fellow as some of your second lieutenants."

"Didn't somebody's bill get left on account of your irregular movement?"

"Yes, but I couldn't help that. I took advantage of my position to help a friend and Gen. Grant is always too much of a gentleman to snub a poor page, even if he is a Democrat, as I am. I like Grant. He was good to us boys."

"I WILL GO, TOO."—Mr. James Stuart, an aged banker of New York, died recently, and a few hours after, his porter, who had served him during forty-five years, also passed away. The coincidence is remarkable in view of the following conversation:

The old and trusted servant was as watchful of his employer's interests as if they had been his own. He was known as "Jimmy" in the office. After business hours oftentimes "Jimmy" and his master would sit down in the back office together and talk about the affairs of the office. Only a little while ago, as they chatted in this way, Mr. Stuart said,—

"Jimmy, how do you feel to-day?"

"Oh, sir," said Jimmy, "not well, sir; I'm afraid I'm not long for this world."

"Well, Jimmy," rejoined Mr. Stuart, "we'll both go together soon; we have done our work in the business, and we'll make room for others."

"When you go," replied Jimmy, "I will go, too."

The indications that better times have begun to dawn upon the business world are multiplying, and it is believed a much more hopeful feeling, with a more substantial basis, prevails than at any time since 1873.

He that will write well in any tongue, must follow this counsel of Aristotle, to speak as the common people do, to think as wise men do; and so should every man understand him, and the judgment of wise men allow him.—*Roger Ascham.*

The skin of a boiled egg is the most efficacious remedy that can be applied to a boil. Peel it carefully, wet and apply it to the part affected. It will draw off the matter and relieve the soreness in a few hours.

FROSTING FOR CAKE.—One coffee cup of sifted sugar, the white of one egg and a teaspoonful of lemon juice; beat to a stiff froth. This will frost two small pans of cake.

Common Sense Remedies.

There is scarcely an ache to which children are subject that is so difficult to bear as the earache. The cases, if treated as follows, will often be relieved immediately. Take a bit of cotton and soak it in glycerine and sprinkle on it a little black pepper; insert this into the ear and put a dry piece of cotton outside, to be kept in place, if necessary, by a light bandage tied over the head. Sometimes insects will find lodgment in the ear, causing great pain. Should this occur, turn the head on one side and pour the ear full of sweet oil. Insects breathe through pores in their skin; the oil obstructs these openings, causing their death. Children, and often those of larger growth, acquire the habit of picking their ears with a pin, hairpin, etc. It is a pernicious practice and should not be allowed. The drum of the ear is a very delicate membrane and is easily injured; inflammation and deafness may be induced thereby. I have sometimes succeeded in removing foreign bodies from the throat, such as a piece of meat or a large bone by blowing forcibly into the ear. It causes a powerful reflex action, during which the foreign substance may be expelled from the windpipe. Many persons are subject to nose bleed. In robust, plethoric habits this is rather beneficial than otherwise, but in many cases it occasions inconvenience and perhaps alarm. It generally yields readily to treatment. Take a pledget of lint, moisten, dip in equal parts of powdered alum and gum arabic and insert in the nose. Bathe the forehead and nape of the neck in cold water. If alum and gum arabic are not at hand, use the tea-dust found in the bottom of the tea-caddy.

Among the more common accidents which are liable to occur in the household, and which often prove serious, are burns and scalds. Their severity and danger depends upon the extent of surface and depth of tissues involved. An unfailing remedy is, in most households, always on hand. Common baking-soda or bi-carbonate of soda. Make a thick paste with soda and a little water, and apply to the injured spot; then dust the whole with the dry soda and cover with a light bandage. It will act like magic, relieving the pain at once. Allow it to remain until it is ready to drop off—a few hours or days as the case may be. When it is removed, dress the wound with cosmoline. Never put on to a burn or scald any molasses, starch, soap, flour, charcoal or glue. They have the inconvenience of being unclean, and some of them form crusts which it is difficult to remove. I make this suggestion from the fact that physicians are seldom called to see cases of extensive burns and scalds, but that they find some such procedure has been adopted.

Bruises and sprains, which are liable to occur at any time, are much more quickly cured if treated immediately on their occurrence. The effect of a bruise is to rupture some of the smaller blood vessels, near the surface, and the blood being poured out under the skin, forms the black and blue spots, so-called. When such an accident occurs, a stream of cold water directed on to the part, and continued as long as it can be borne, and then renewed after a time, will often prevent swelling, and will contract the mouths of the ruptured blood-vessels. Such a method may be applied by pouring water on to the part from a height, from a pitcher or coffee-pot. A rubber tube may be attached to a faucet, and the water thus conducted. The parts should be tightly bandaged afterward, and the bandages soaked with tincture of arnica, or what I prefer, tincture of marigold (Calendula).

A sprain is always more serious than a bruise, the joints being the parts implicated. One may recover from a fractured limb sooner than from some forms of sprain. When such an accident occurs, place the limb in a basin or pail of water as hot as can be borne. Keep the temperature up by the addition of more hot water from time to time. Allow it to remain immersed in the bath from ten minutes to half an hour, according to circumstances. After removing, bandage evenly and tightly the whole extent of the limb, both below and above the joint implicated, commencing the bandaging at the extremity of the limb, below the injury, and making it tightest at that point, thus forcing the blood from the superficial veins towards the trunk. The limb should be kept in an elevated position for some hours afterwards. If the injury is to the lower extremity, the foot may be placed in a chair, and supported by a pillow. If the upper extremities are involved, a sling, made of a wide silk handkerchief, and tied around the neck, will give the necessary elevation and support.

PIG'S HEAD CHEESE.—Having thoroughly cleaned the head, put it into a large kettle of hot (not boiling) water, and set the kettle over the fire; let it boil gently, taking off the scum as it rises; when boiled so that the bones leave the meat readily, take it from the water into a large wooden bowl or tray, take from it every particle of bone, chop the meat fine and season with salt, pepper, and sage or thyme to suit the taste; spread a cloth in a colander and set it in a deep dish, put the meat in, and fold the cloth closely over it, lay a weight on which may press equally the whole surface. Let the weight be more or less heavy according as you may wish the cheese to be fat or lean; a heavy weight pressing out the fat, will, of course, leave the cheese lean.

A SPOOK SHOW.—The Bradford *Era* has the following: At midnight last Monday night the beating of a drum was heard at the lower end of Main street. The noise attracted large crowds of idlers, who watched with some curiosity as a long procession of white-robed figures filed down from the road to Tarpot. There were 186 men in the ranks, all dressed in sheets and pillow cases. At the head was a man with a bass drum and behind him marched the men, two and two. Here and there were officers, distinguished by a black cap drawn over the head. The demonstration afforded a good deal of amusement to the crowds, who "piped off" the spookish figures to their heart's content. As a bugaboo sensation for children it was a decided success, but how grown-up men could be persuaded into lending their presence to any such childish demonstration passes belief.

Gounod has sold the score of the "Tribut de Zamorra" to a musical publisher for four thousand pounds, half of which is to be paid on the first representation, another thousand at the fiftieth, and the remainder when the opera has been played seventy-five times.

Be Patient With Your Boys.

BY MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

While desiring that mothers should keep fast hold of their girls as long as they can, what will we do with the boys?

It rests with the mothers usually, far more than with the fathers, to decide. If the mother is tender, but firm and equitable, overlooking misdeeds that do not spring from natural depravity, but from the thoughtlessness of youth, with its frolicsome bubbling, effervescing spirits—if she is always ready with loving and restraining hand to check their wild play whenever it approaches real wrong or evil—then, we may be sure, such mothers will keep their boys, as well as their girls, where their influence will always be stronger and more holy than any other. But with the mothers who are constantly restraining and thwarting every childish pleasure, giving words of unmerited reproof for every mistake or wayward act, there is danger that their children will become peevish, selfish and deceitful. Particularly is this the danger with boys, who, when out of doors, are beset by the very evils that assail them through the uncertain, and often unnatural, discipline of boarding schools.

Ah! if some of the mothers who most conscientiously endeavor to do their duty by their children, giving cheerfully their own ease, strength and comfort to this work, could, while the little ones are growing up, act with the same insight and judgment which comes to them after this formative work is done, what precious results would follow! How many of our most scrupulous and conscientious mothers err by over-governing—over-watchfulness! Their children, after a little while, learn to look upon them as "keepers," or spies, and do not dream that this irritating supervision comes from imperfect judgment—not lack of affection—in the mothers, who would gladly give their own lives to be able to make their children always happy while trying to lead them in the straight and narrow path. Yet the sense of responsibility which they feel, and which is supposed to rest upon parents always, makes the little ones shrink from them.

Conscientiousness is so largely developed in some minds as to make their lives a perpetual torture to themselves and all who come under their influence or control. So strong is the hold that this peculiar trait of character has over their whole lives, a trait expressed in so many different forms of action, that they are not able to distinguish the follies and freaks of joyous childhood from the flagrant sins and vices of riper and more responsible age. So they mete out the same reproof or punishment to the "toddling wee things" that may be merited by a child just on the borders of mature life.

Then, sickness, in many cases, is too mighty for some mothers, and they indulge in reproof and irritability because their nerves are unstrung, and not because the child is deserving of rebuke. Particularly is this the case with the boys in a family. Boys must be boys. They must run and whistle, burst into the house whooping like young Indians, forgetful—not regardless—that their mother's aching head is not benefited by such a mode of entrance. Who more sorry than these young thunderers when they see that they have increased the suffering? Yet how soon is it all forgotten when the door closes after them, and they once more feel the invigorating air which sets their young blood dancing.

But the poor mother forgets her own young life, or what is so natural to boyhood's health and buoyant spirits, and therefore is not easily appeased, or ready to forego the reprimand which such thoughtlessness seems in her estimation to deserve. She forgets that these wild, noisy boys will ere long shoot up into men—"and learn to do without her."

We have known and felt it all, and just now, while tossed on the restless ocean, as we draw near to home, we are looking backward over many years, remembering the few little frets and annoyances, the many perplexities and great mistakes of our life in the years that will never come back again. When we think that the little girls have now grown beyond our guidance or gone to the better land; when we remember that from this time

> "None but tall and deep-voiced men
> Will gravely call us 'Mother,'
> Or we be stretching empty hands
> From this world to the other,"

how we wish we had been more patient, more gentle. More loving we could not have been. But we see, as no doubt all mothers do where we made mistakes, where we could have done more and better for our children, and think "If we could but take them back to the time when they had not learned to do without us!"

The mother's overtaxed strength or failing health is often made the reason for sending the troop of noisy boys to school; and they grow up to manhood with a certain love for home and parents, but are not much distressed if they find that they must do without it. For a few years a home love is kept alive by the quarterly visits during vacation—but mothers, beware! The pleasure and exhilaration of coming home will soon subside if they chance, occasionally, to see symptoms of impatience with their sports and noise, or weariness at any disturbance as vacation draws to a close. If they have the least occasion to think that their presence begins to disturb the quiet, the comfort of those at home, parents may be very sure that from that time all the beauty of home coming will pass out of their lives forever. They will, of course be happy to see home friends for a little while, and will feel the necessity of running into port for repairs; but it will be under a feeling of restraint. The sweetness, the excitement, the love element will have passed out of sight; and to recall it by any extra attention or indulgence in the future will be next to impossible.—*Christian Union.*

MAN WITH A MARVELOUS EAR.—Rochester contains a young man who is possessed of a peculiar faculty for distinguishing close sounds, and is thereby enabled to perform some wonderful feats. He is able to give the numbers of between 250 and 400 locomotives (about one-half the total number) that run upon the Central Railroad, simply by the sound of the bells. This faculty has been tested hundreds of times and has rarely proven a failure.—*Democrat.*

There is perhaps no one of our natural passions so hard to subdue as pride. Disguise it, struggle with it, stifle it, mortify it as much as one pleases, it is still alive, and every now and then peeps out and shows itself.

Humorus.

"O, youth, with smooth, sand-papered pate,
The night is dark the hour is late,
Why do you linger on my gate?"

"I stay to help your daughter hold
This gate upon its hinges old;
Go in, old man, you're catching cold!"

The old man sought his little bed
And on it laid his patient head;
"I think my gate is safe," he said.
—*Cincinnati Star.*

There is probably nothing in this transitory world that will yield larger and quicker returns on the amount invested than poking a wasp with your finger to see if he feels well. It may be of interest to know that he does.—[Bridgeport Post.

"Is the editor of the *Forum* in?" "In me you behold the editor of Frogtown *Weekly Forum*." "I have an article, I'll read——" "Stop! What's it about?" "It is entitled, 'How to make Bees Pay!'" "Git out! What I want to know is how to make subscribers pay."[—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The following is told of a young gentleman who was passing an examination in physics. He was asked: "What planets were known to the ancients?" He responded, "Well, sir, there were Venus and Jupiter, and "—after a pause—"I think the Earth, but I am not quite certain."

Speak of a man's marble brow, and he will glow with conscious pride; but allude to his marble head, and he's mad in a minute. Language is a slippery thing to fool with much.—[Boston Post

"Father," said a wistful lass, about sixteen years of age, "I know something about grammar, but I cannot decline matrimony, nor see the reason why myself and Gilbert cannot be conjugated."—[Albany Argus.

We are told that Nebuchadnezzar ate grass for seven years; that must have been in they hey day of his youth. Did he scythe for mower? or long for the "milk of human kindness?" and did the garter-snakes ever trouble his calves? are questions for the Sunday-school.—[Toronto Graphic.

The waists of ball dresses are now made glove-fitting, a result which is brought about by having all set as many seams in the front of the dress as in the back, and cutting the side pieces crosswise. Waists cut in this manner give the wearers the idea of one good, long, old, continuous hug, and are very much in fashion, as a consequence.—[Troy Times.

Don't despise the small talents; they are needed as well as the large ones. The eleven-inch boot, the property of the father of the girl whom you have kept on the front stoop until midnight, may possess as great a degree of hoisting power as a derrick of large proportions. Take our word for this, and don't go into an investigation of the matter.—[Exchange.

It is unfortunate that many persons are unable to distinguish between worshipping the minister and worshiping the Almighty.—[Rome Sentinel. It is also somewhat that way that many ministers are unable to distinguish between preaching to their audiences and preaching to the Almighty.—[Steubenville Herald.

Many years ago a Connecticut clergyman, who was a most inveterate snuff-taker, commenced the Sunday services by reading the fourth section of the 119th Psalm. Unconsciously, as he announced the passage to be read, and while the hearers were looking it up in their Bibles, he drew out a snuff box and took a hasty pinch of the contents, which resulted in a startling explosion of the nasal organ, making a style of elocution somewhat as follows: "My soul cle-e-e-e-che che-e-e-cleaveth unto the dust!"

Some people when they meet a loss sit down despondent; others go to work all the harder and make a gain that more than covers the loss. There is a good moral to the following: At the battle of Shiloh an officer rushed up to Grant and said: "General, Swartz's battery is took." "Well, sir," said Grant, "you spiked the guns before they were taken?" "Vat! Schpike dem new guns! No, Sheneral, it would schpoil 'em." "Well, then, what did you do?" "Do! Vy, we went right in and took 'em back again."—[Albany Argus.

A Chicago girl's shoe arrived on a freight-train the other day, having been ordered by a harness man in town for a last on which to build Saratoga trunks.—[Wheeling Leader.

Our floral editor says that plants should always be watered with a sponge. What a vast field of usefulness this opens to the cracker-barrel politician!—[Rockland Courier.

During these exceedingly warm and disagreeable days, people must not get it into their heads that editors are angels merely because they flap their ears to keep off the flies.—[Salina, Jr.

A brand of chewing tobacco is called "Hope." When a man asks for a chew and you pass him the box, the old proverb is reversed and reads, "He who enters here leaves no hope behind."—[New Haven Register.

It destroys half the pleasure of a summer resort to hear a man eat soup at the dinner-table like the last few gallons of water being sucked out of a bath-tub by the waste-pipe.—[Wheeling Leader.

A western subscriber, who owes us for the *Times*, writes: "I don't know Iowa debt. Utah care and Neb'raska second time for it, for I Kan-sas back and make as Illinois as you can."—[Whitehall Times.

"Can there be happiness where there is no love?" solemnly queries an author in a book on marriage. Not much happiness, perhaps, but if the girl is awfully rich there can be lots of fun.—[Rockland Courier.

Little Lula was overlooking her father's removal of the interior decorations of a few fish he had captured. "Papa," she innocently inquired, "Is you gonter save them pits 'jus like you does when you cleans the mush-melons?"—[Yonkers Gazette.

"You seem so sad and dejected to-night, Claude, dear." "Yes, darling; men of my emotional nature are easily affected either by the smiles or frowns of fortune." His washerwoman had discharged him.—[Andrews' Bazar.

It looks rather ominous to see a man enter a liquor-store and come out with an unlit cigar in his mouth, look all around, and if no one is in sight, shove the Fabrica de Tabacos in his pocket. Possibly he may have swallowed the fire.—[Owego Times.

"What does 12mo mean?" asked a pupil of her teacher, a few days since. "12mo; why don't you know what that means? It means the same as d&weowly. Haven't you seen it in advertisements in a newspaper?".—[Owego Times.

The Yolo Democrat

OFFICIAL PAPER OF YOLO COUNTY.

WOODLAND, CAL:

Thursday, October 16th, 1879.

THE PRESS ASSOCIATION.

The Pacific Coast Press Association met at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, on Wednesday. After the reading of the minutes of the previous meeting an adjournment was had until evening. The Association re-assembled at 7:30 in the evening, and after the transaction of some preliminary business proceeded to the election of officers, resulting in the election of the following: President, M. D. Boruck; VicePresidents, Scipio Craig and William Saunders; Secretary, Fred. Krauth; Corresponding Secretary, Albert Lyser; Treasurer, N. C. Hawks; Executive Committee, Samuel Cassidy, E. A. Weed, W. P. Bartlett. A resolution was read and adopted, changing the name of the Association to the Pacific Coast Press Association, as many journalists in adjacent States and Territories desired to join, but considered themselves ineligible under the former title. After adjourning they accepted an invitation from Chas. De Young to visit the *Chronicle* building. The invitation was accepted and a tour of the building made. One of the new lightning presses was in operation, which is one of the most complete printing machines ever manufactured, and turns out 30,000 copies an hour already folded for mailing. The office throughout is complete in every department and is the most complete and best systematized printing establishment on this Coast or that we have ever had the pleasure of visiting anywhere. The Association held another session on Thursday when the Constitution was revised and some new members admitted. An elegant dinner was provided at the Palace Hotel. The next annual meeting of the Association will be on the first Tuesday in June, 1880.

LOW WAGES.

There are men working in Sacramento for $1 a day without board, and others working for 50 cents a day with board, and they appear glad to get it at that price, or, indeed, at any price. It is better than starving, but still it is by no means commensurate with the work done, nor indicative of the general prosperity of the people. Low wages make a discontented class of laborers. They cut down the profits of the merchant, the grocer, the baker, the hat and shoe and clothing dealer, and in fact those of the business men in every branch of trade. Without money, men cannot purchase. They will put up with old garments, worn shoes and dilapidated hats until their finances grow more prosperous. It is upon the middle strata of society that the upper strata subsists, and the middle supports itself upon the lower. Consequently the whole superstructure is based upon the lower classes. If they receive much, they will pay out in proportion. If they receive little, they pay out less. It is to the interest, therefore, of capital to pay labor fairly, or labor will support capital poorly.—*Bee.*

AFTER THE BATTLE, MOTHER.

Now that the smoke of the Grant "boom" s beginning to clear away and the people and press have cooled down sufficiently to see things as they were, it transpires that everything connected with that affair was not lovely, and all was not so gorgeous and splendid as at first depicted. It was a human affair after all, and like all other human affairs, subject to errors and defects. The reception at Woodward's Gardens, that was at first depicted as indescribably brilliant, is now, by a Republican paper, termed boorish, and the camp fire at the Pavilion, by the same paper, is designated as a drunken and disgraceful episode. We regret very much to see these admissions, for, though we do not approve of that portion of the proceedings which seemed to ape certain ceremonials altogether foreign to American and Republican ideas, we nevertheless did hope that during the proceedings nothing would occur to disgrace, or even place in a bad light, our fair young State.—*Placer Herald.*

A SOUND PLANK.

The Massachusetts Democrats have incorporated in their platform a plank opposing the borrowing of money by State, cities or towns. This plank should be incorporated into all party platforms. The power of States, towns and cities to create debt is a very dangerous one to the whole people. Whenever a State repudiates its debt it casts a reflection upon the whole country. There are at present a number of States which are scaling down their debts, and cities which are unable to pay interest as it comes due. The bonds of these insolvent corporations are largely held abroad, where the distinction between one American State and another, and between one American city from another, is only vaguely understood. Aside from these considerations, running into debt is a bad business. Creating debts for future generations to pay is a kind of enterprise future generations may not approve of.

The Colusa *Sun* mentions the name of Gen. W. S. Hancock, of Pennsylvania, as the Democratic candidate for President in 1880, and inquires—"Who can propose a better man, who is as available?" "The Napa *Reporter* replies:" Wait until after the New York election, Brother Green, and you will see the head of Uncle Samuel popping up several inches above any other man."

The man who wrote "I wish I was an Editor," finally obtained a position on a small country weekly, and on the seventh day of his experience he woke up with two black eyes, a broken nose, a fractured arm and one ear bitten off. He joined the first company of volunteers that came along and went to the frontier to fight Indians, and has not been heard from since.

The rate of wages fixed at the Mare Island Navy Yard for the quarter ending December 31st, 1879, reduces the wages of calkers, shipwrights and sparmakers one dollar per day in each case.

The "live" paper tells us that Mrs. Grant wore $30,000 worth of diamonds at Senator Sharon's champagne and oyster supper the other evening.

Latest Telegraphic News.

Associated Press Special Dispatches.

Shooting Affray Near Waterloo.

Stockton, October 7.—Joel Scott, while ploughing land near Waterloo, was attacked with a rifle by John and W. M. Harrington. Joel, procuring a shotgun, opened fire on the Harringtons. Several shots were exchanged, but no one was hurt. Harrington was arrested, charged with assault to commit murder. The cause of the shooting is unknown.

The Georgia State Treasurer.

Atlanta, (Ga), Oct. 7.—The Senate reached a vote on the articles of impeachment against Treasurer Renfro to-day. On the three first, which were the main articles, the vote stood 25 for guilty and 17 not guilty, being less than two-thirds of the vote. On the others the vote was still more favorable to the Treasurer, he on the fifth and sixth getting over a majority for not guilty, thus acquitting him on every charge, and he was dismissed.

Reaction in Chicago Markets.

Chicago, Oct. 7.—The markets reacted to-day, and at one time there was a serious break in wheat and provisions. This lasted, however, but a short time, and the closing prices for grain were nearly the highest of the day, while provisions were very firm with a shade easier rates.

Revival of Cotton and Iron Industries.

London, Oct. 7.—The *Times'* correspondent at Preston, reports that two mills which have been closed for some time have reopened, though the depression is keenly felt throughout North Lancaster. Spinners and manufacturers are more hopeful than for months. Cotton is decreasing in price, and there is a prospect of large arrivals, and a better selling margin for manufactured goods is expected. In East Lancashire, too, the prospect is more hopeful. The Operatives' Association urges a general adoption of short-time working.

During the past week shipments of pig iron from Cleveland have been on a scale unprecedented during the history of the trade, averaging 5,500 tons daily. This was caused by a demand in the United States; 600 tons have been shipped direct from Middlesborough to American ports, while still larger quantities have been sent to Scotland.

Preparing for War with Japan.

St. Petersburg, Oct. 7.—The *Globe* reports that China is actively preparing for war with Japan.

Denial of the Reported Crisis in the Cabinet.

Madrid, Oct. 7.—The *Correspondencia* and *Cronista* deny the reports of a crisis in the Cabinet, and state that Premier Campos and Senor Silvela, Minister of the Interior, consider there is not sufficient ground for proclaiming a state of siege in certain provinces.

The Louisiana Democratic State Convention.

Baton Rouge, Oct. 8.—The Democratic Convention has completed the State ticket as follows: For Lieutenant Governor, S. D. McEnerey; for Attorney-General, J. S. Egan; for Secretary of State, W. A. Strong; Auditor, Allen Jewett; Supt. of Public Education, E. Hoy. The platform recommends the adoption of the new Constitution; declares for a free ballot, and denounces the elevation of Hayes and Wheeler to the Presidency and Vice-Presidency as a crime against the freedom of the people; calls for the admission of Spofford to the Senate, and eulogizes Nichols for his great services to the State and the Democratic Conservative Party. The Convention adjourned *sine die.*

Clearing House Statistics.

New York, Oct. 8.—The business of the country continues satisfactory, according to the weekly showing of the Clearing-House exchanges, everywhere, except on the Pacific Coast. San Francisco transactions last week are less than $9,000,000, making her stand eighth on the list, while during the corresponding week last year her transactions were over $25,000,000, and she stood fourth. According to the *Public's* weekly table, San Francisco loses 4.5 per cent; New Haven, 6.5, and Pittsburg, 0.2. All other places have gained, as under: New York, 64.6; Boston, 16; Philadelphia, 14.3; Chicago, 38.3; Baltimore, 40.5; Cincinnati, 13.2; St Louis, 8.4; Milwaukee, 16.7; Louisville, 8.61; New Orleans, 37.9; Providence, 3.6; Kansas City, 61.7; Cleveland, 47.8; Indianapolis, 10.4; Lowell, 8.1; Syracuse, 18.5. Of New York's increase about 20 per cent is attributed to the magnitude of stock operations. The totals for all Clearing-Houses this week foot up $965,000,000, against $653,000,000 the same time last year.

Government Purchase of Silver.

Washington, Oct. 8—The Treasury Department purchased for the Philadelphia and San Francisco Mints to-day, 330,000 ounces of silver.

A British Triumph Near Cabul.

London, Oct. 8.—Sir Frederick Roberts telegraphs from Charasiah, 6th instant, that the Afghans advanced from Cabul in force, and there was heavy fighting all day. The Afghan position was carried and twelve guns captured. The British loss was about 80 killed and wounded. General Roberts hoped to march close to Cabul the next day.

Measures Relating to Cuba.

Madrid, Oct. 8.—The Cuba Customs' Reform Committee have resolved to propose that Spanish commerce in Cuba shall pay coasting dues, and that an octual duty be levied on sugar—to be returned, however, when the sugar is exported. The minority will oppose the abolition of slavery, and the Committee has not yet decided upon the question.

Unfounded Reports of Famine.

Pesth, Oct. 8.—Prime Minister Tesza, of Hungary, referring to the distress threatening some parts of the country, to-day informed the Hungarian Diet that the representations of famine were unfounded, and that the Government would distribute seed among the rural population.

20 or 30 Persons Killed—As Many Wounded.

Detroit, Oct. 10.—A serious and frightful accident occurred on the Michigan Central Railroad, a short distance east of the junction, about one o'clock this morning. The Pacific Express train, west-bound, which left Detroit forty minutes late, collided with a switch engine on the main track at that place, telescoping the baggage and express car, and piling the remaining coaches, eleven in number, on top of the others. The first coach was filled with emigrants, most of whom are killed or seriously wounded. Many occupants of the other coaches were also killed or injured. It is supposed there are about twenty or thirty passengers killed and twenty to thirty wounded. The majority of the number are thought to be emigrants and second-class passengers. Physicians and surgeons were at once summoned from Jackson to the scene of the disaster, and a special train carrying passengers left Detroit at 5 A. M. with a large force of railroad employes of the Railroad Company, together with a large number of citizens of Jackson, who are on the ground engaged in the work of extricating the bodies from the wreck. The railroad officials and surgeons are busily at work among the wounded, doing everything in their power to alleviate their suffering.

New York Clearing House.

New York, Oct. 9.—Clearing-house exchanges last week amounted to $966,108,018, against $653,488,886 a year ago.

A Mollie Maguire Hanged.

Sunbury (Pa.), Oct. 9.—Peter McManus, a Mollie Maguire, was hanged to-day for the murder of Coroner Hesser in 1874. John O'Neill, sentenced to be hanged the same time, was reprieved last night.

Sudden Death.

Philadelphia, Oct. 9.—George R. Young, father of John Russell Young and of Jas. Rankin Young, the well-known journalists, died this morning of heart disease.

Board of Foreign Missions.

Syracuse, Oct. 9.—At the session of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions it was stated the Board had received and expended from the beginning about $17,000,000. It has organized not far from 350 native churches, with about 83,000 communicants; sent out 550 ordained missionaries and about 250 unmarried lady missionaries. They have reduced to writing 260 languages, and have issued, in 45 languages, upward of 2,300 different educational and religious publications.

Postal Treaty with the United States.

Berlin, Oct. 9.—An agreement relating to Postoffice money orders has been concluded between Germany and the United States.

Abolition of Slavery—Difference of Views.

Madrid, October 9.—In the Committee on Abolition of Slavery, one party favors immediate abolition without compensation to owners. Another favors gradual abolition without compensation, and a third party favors gradual abolition with compensation. No decision has been reached.

Suicide.

San Francisco, Oct. 11.—A man supposed to be J. T. Haskell, from the papers found on his person, sat down on the side walk at the corner of Battery and Commercial streets about 6 o'clock this evening, and shot himself through the head with a pistol, causing death instantly.

Miner Killed.

Placerville, Oct. 11.—A man named William Nichols fell 100 feet in the Pacific mine to-day, and was instantly killed. The fall resulted from carelessness on his part. He leaves a wife and three children.

From Memphis.

Memphis, Oct. 11.—Twelve new cases were reported to-day. Total for the week, 74. Total to date, 1,421. Deaths to date, 425.

Homicide at Centralia, Wisconsin.

Milwaukee, Oct. 11.—Judge Henry Hayden, of Wood County Court, a politician well known throughout the State, candidate for Attorney-General on the Greenback ticket two years ago, was shot and killed at Centralia, Wis., last Thursday, by W. H. Cochran, Cashier of the First National Bank. The affair grew out of alleged intimacy on the part of Hayden with Cochran's wife, the scandal being one of long standing. Cochran separated from his wife some time ago, although no divorce had been obtained. The weapon used was a shotgun loaded with five buckshot, the entire charge penetrating the right side of the victim, killing him instantly. No words passed between them, so it is supposed the killing was premeditated.

Reparation Demanded.

Paris, Oct. 11.—It is rumored that the Russian Government has demanded from Constantinople reparation within 24 hours for insults to which the Russian Consul-General at Salonica was recently subjected by the populace of that city, threatening to send a war vessel to Salonica if the demand is not complied with. Other foreign Consuls at Salonica have asked their Governments for instructions.

Relations with the Vatican.

Brussels, Oct. 11.—*L'Europe* publishes a telegram from Rome, saying that in view of results reached by Cardinal Jacobini, Papal Nuncio, in his interview with Bismarck at Gastien and Vienna, the Vatican desiring to secure an absolutely successful termination of negotiations with Germany, has resolved to appoint Cardinal Jacobini to succeed Cardinal Nina as Pontifical Secretary of State.

The Indian Problem.

New York, Oct. 10.—The *Tribune's* Washington special says: The Indian problem promises to be one of the most important questions to be considered at the next Congress. Congress called upon the Treasury Department some time ago for information as to the amount of money that had been expended for the Indian service since the beginning of the Government. The work was perfected by the Treasury officials, but Congress failed to make the necessary appropriation to prepare the manuscript for the printers. The result of the research is known, however, and the footings of the immense mass of tables show that up to the 1st of last July, the end of the fiscal year of 1879, the Government has expended on account of Indians $18,000,000. It is estimated that the number of Indians now living is 300,000.

Killed by Cars.

Stockton, Oct. 12.—James Mulroy, aged twenty-two, a teamster in Moore's lumber yard, while in the act of coupling flat cars on the Mormon Slough switch loaded with heavy timber extending bevond each end of the cars, was caught between them, mangling his chest fearfully. The unfortunate man died last night. Mulroy arrived recently from the East.

Fire at Deadwood.

Deadwood (D. T.), Oct. 12.—The Homestake mining company's saw and shingle mill, situated in Grizzly Gulch, together with about 50,000 feet of lumber, mostly dressed, was totally destroyed by fire last night. Loss, $20,000. The fire is supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

Approaching a Crisis.

London, Oct. 12.—A dispatch from Thietmyo reports that the American missionaries remain at Bhamo. Should hostilities occur, they propose to take refuge in China.

The British resident has informed his Government that the King of Burmah has summoned men from every village for the defence of Mandalay.

Collision on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Wheeling (W. Va.), Oct. 12.—The passenger train going east, which left this city at 6:30 last evening, and the Baltimore express coming west last night on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, collided near Belton, about 10:30 P. M. Both trains were running at the rate of about forty miles an hour, and were filled with passengers, who miraculously escaped injury with the exception of a little girl. James Askew, engineer, and John Smith, fireman, of train No. 1, were instantly killed, while fireman Jasper, of train No. 10, was seriously injured. A boy named Flanagan, aged 15, who was stealing a ride, was instantly killed. A negro boy, who was stealing his way to Clarksburg, between the tender and postal car, was seriously injured. The postal and baggage cars of both trains are a total wreck. The accident was caused by a misunderstanding of telegraph orders.

Arrival of Amnestied Communists.

Port Vendros, Oct. 12.—The transport Calvados has arrived here with a large number of Communists to whom amnesty has been granted.

A Communist Elected to Office in Paris.

Paris, October 12.—Puteux Humbert, returned Communist, was to-day elected Member of the Municipality for the Javalle Quarter. It is announced that proceedings are to be instituted against Humbert and the *Marseillaise*, for insulting the magistracy and defending occurrences which the law characterizes as crimes.

New York Socialists.

New York, Oct. 13.—The County Convention of the Socialistic Labor Party was held this evening. About 600 were present. After an address, the platform was read and adopted, which demanded eight hours as a day's work; the establishment of National and State departments of labor, agriculture and industry; equal pay for services of women with that of men, when equal work was performed; no conspiracy laws against the right of workingmen to strike or induce others to strike; compulsory and gratuitous education of all children under fourteen years of age; direct popular legislation; reduction of salaries of officers; establishment of a progressive income tax on all property; removal of slaughter-houses, etc., to places where they will not be obnoxious; speedy transfer to the city of all means of transportation; thorough and permanent investigation of the affairs of all chartered capitalistic associations; establishment of State savings bank, fire and life insurance business and city pawn shops; abolition of all Sunday laws. A full State and local ticket was nominated, the names being generally unheard-of Germans.

Democratic Meeting in New York City.

New York, Oct. 13.—The Robinson men held a large and enthusiastic meeting at Cooper Institute this evening. The resolutions declared Kelley's candidacy simply a bargain to elect Cornell, in return for the election of the Tammany local ticket.

Massachusetts Greenbackers.

Boston, Oct. 13.—After a long wrangle, the Greenbackers have named A. C. Woodworth for Lieutenant-Governor, vice Wendell Phillips.

Reception of Amnestied Communists in Paris.

Paris, Oct. 13.—Four hundred of the amnestied Communists who arrived at Port Vendres have reached this city. Numerous members of the Aid Committee, including Clemenceau and Humbert, received them at the railway station. There was a large crowd present. Cheers were given for "The Republic" and "Plenary amnesty."

The Native Troops Completely Routed.

London, Oct. 13.—Sir Frederick Roberts telegraphs that the Afghan troops have been completely routed, and tribes who were assembling to fight have returned home. The heavy battery which is coming up with the Khyber Column, he says, may go back to India, as the heavy guns and howitzers originally presented by the British Government to the Ameer are in our possession complete.

Chihuahua Captured by Revolutionists.

Galveston, Oct. 13.—The *News'* Laredo dispatch says: Information from Mexico says the city of Chihuahua has been captured by the revolutionists under Macherrao. General Trevino, with Federal forces, is en route to the scene.

Disbandment of Troops.

Constantinople, Oct. 13.—The Sultan has ordered the disbandment of 90,000 regular troops.

The Bill for the Emancipation of Jews.

Bucharest, Oct. 13.—It is thought the Government's bill for the emancipation of Jews will not obtain a two-thirds majority, being requisite for its passage.

Condensed Telegrams.

John Quincy Adams has been nominated for Governor by the Democrats of Massachusetts.

The striking cigar makers of Chicago have resumed work on increased pay.

General Grant is to be present at the reunion of the Army of the Cumberland on the 19th and 20th of November.

Prairie fires are doing considerable damage and creating much alarm in Dakota.

The stone moulders of Louisville have struck for 15 cents per day advance.

Only two new cases of yellow fever were reported in Memphis Tuesday. No deaths.

The final elections to the Lower House of the Prussian Diet have resulted in the return of nine Progressists for Berlin.

The walking match in San Francisco closed yesterday with the following result. McIntyre, 500 miles; Carmichael, 478; Scott, 455; Murdock, 430. McIntyre made the best five hundred mile walk on record.

The yellow fever is abating in Memphis.

Murphy is ahead in the pedestrian contest for the O'Leary belt.

Ex-Mayor Hyde of Harrisburg was shot recently by ex-Chief of Police Kelly. The latter fled.

A courier from the scene of the Indian war gives a very graphic account of an attack on Thornburgh's command, in which 12 men were killed and 44 wounded. Latest dispatch says Merritt has arrived and all is well. He was forced to cut his way to the scene of action and lost 33 horses out of 36 on the march.

The one hundredth anniversary of the siege of Savannah and the death of Jasper was commemorated at Savannah on the 9th in the presence of 20,000 people.

Freight hands on the Lake Shore and N. Y. Central roads are on a strike.

Six persons were recently killed by an explosion in the dye works, at Halifax, Yorkshire.

Two hundred and sixty-seven farmers and their families left Liverpool on the 9th for Texas.

A number of emissaries of the King of Burmah are exciting sedition in Irrawaddy district.

A thousand emigrants embarked at Genoa for the United States, Friday, and 1200 on Sunday.

Four thousand troops will be sent to Cuba this month.

On the 11th, $440,000 in gold arrived in New York from Europe.

The Colorado war continues, and the troops make slow progress fighting the Indians. More troops are on the way to the seat of war.

The British are making an advance on Cabul.

The Bank of Belgium has raised its rate of discount from 2½ to 3½ per cent.

The Ukiah stage was stopped by a masked man on the 10th, who took the treasury box of Wells, Fargo & Co., known to contain as much as $600.

The trial of Nihilists at St. Petersburg has been completed. Mersky, General Drenteln's assailant, is to be hanged, and Welmar, conberned with Solavieff, who attempted the life of the Czar, is to be banished to Siberia.

Edward Falconer, the Irish poet, actor and dramatist, died in Manchester, England, on the 28th of last month, aged sixty years.

Conductor Hawkins, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was killed on the 12th by falling between the cars.

Two men were run over and killed on the Vandalia Road last Sunday.

During the last week 5,000 tons of iron was shipped from England to the United States.

The United States Supreme Court reassembled at Washington Monday.

On the 12th two men were killed by a collision between a freight and passenger train on the Northwestern Railroad.

The loss of the Afghans in the fight before Cabul on the 6th is stated at 400 killed.

General Grant arrived at Portland, Or., yesterday.

Auditor Boyd, of San Francisco, refuses to give up his office to Dunn.

An eighty-four-hour tramp was commenced in New York on the 12th.

Henry C. Carey, the writer upon political economy is dead.

The bricklayers of Nashville, Tenn., have struck for an increase of wages.

The Holbrook-Underwood trouble has again broken out in Carter county and more bloodshed is reported.

Dr. Mintie's Nephreticum.

A compound fluid extract of Buchu, Dr. Mintie's Nephreticum, works wonders. All cases of Dropsy, Bright's Disease, Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Complaints, or retention of Urine, are entirely cured by the Nephreticum. Gravel, Diabetes, pain in the back, side and loin are cured when all medicines have failed. See what the Druggists of Portland and San Francisco say about Dr. Mintie's Nephreticum and English Dandelion Pills: "We have sold a large amount of Dr. Mintie's medicines; the English Dandelion Pills, also the Nephreticum, and in all cases they are highly spoken of and give entire satisfaction." John A. Childs, Druggist, Second street, Portland, C. H. Woodward & Co., Druggists, corner First and Alder street, Portland, Messrs. Abrams & Carroll, wholesale Druggists, Nos. 3 and 5 Front street, San Francisco, say: "*We regard Nephreticum as the best Kidney and Bladder Remedy* before the public." All Druggists keep these medicines. For all derangements of the Liver, use Dr. Mintie's English Dandelion Pills. For Biliousness and Dyspepsia, use Dr. Mintie's English Dandelion Pills. For Fever and Ague, use Dr. Mintie's English Dandelion Pills. Every family should keep the English Dandelion Pills on hand. Dr. Mintie's remedies will not "Cure all Complaints," but will, if taken according to directions, give immediate relief and perfect a cure in all troubles for which they are recommended. Sold by Elston & White, Druggists. au20dw

Important Announcement

—OF—

A. ALEXANDER'S

White House!

SELLING OUT! SELLING OUT!

I respectfully announce to the Public that I am determined to retire from business. I take pleasure in informing you that my TREMENDOUS STOCK of

Dry Goods, Clothing,

ETC., ETC.,

The Largest in Yolo Co.,

Shall and must be sold at

A GREAT SACRIFICE!

REGARDLESS OF COST,

In order to shorten the time of retiring. A first-class opportunity is hereby offered to everybody to lay in a supply, as you will never have an opportunity again to buy goods at such prices. And whenever the stock shall be reduced to such an amount as will enable one man to buy, I shall sell the balance of the stock as a whole.

Parties wishing to go into business will do well in making application.

"Only Good Business Men Need Apply."

The Brick Store,

The Largest and Best Business Location in Woodland, including the EXCELLENT FIXTURES,

FOR SALE OR TO RENT

ON REASONABLE TERMS,

Is more of an object than the selling off so much stock, as the goods will be retailed at such extremely Low Figures that there will surely not be much left, and a good business man will have a splendid chance to step into a well established business. I thank all of my old customers for past patronage, and they can now have an opportunity to BUY GOODS CHEAP on the same terms as before.

EXAMINE MY PRICES, and you will be convinced that this is a *Genuine Selling Out Sale* at

A. ALEXANDERS WHITE HOUSE,

oct5dw1m MAIN STREET, WOODLAND

To the People and Inhabitants of Solano County:

This is to certify that the bearer, DR. O'NEIL

VETERINARY SURGEON,

Has treated numerous Horses in our County, and we consider him competent to treat all my diseases of the Horse.

Dated, Woodland, October 14th, 1879.

ROBERT F. HESTER,
S. N. MERING,
WM. SIMS,
J. C. SMITH,
R. H. NEWTON,
Supervisors Yolo Co.

dw2we

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED PROPOSALS WILL BE received by the Board of Supervisors of Yolo County until OCTOBER TWENTY-FIFTH, 1879, at Ten (10) o'clock A.M., for Building a Bridge across the English Cut, on the Sacramento River, in accordance with Plans and Specifications to be found with the Clerk of the Board of Supervisors on and after Saturday, the 18th instant.

Bridge to be completed by DECEMBER FIRST, 1879.

Contract price to be paid in Warrants on the Contingent Fund at par.

The Board reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

October 13th, 1879. D. M. BURNS,
Clerk of the Board of Supervisors.
oct6dwtd By James C. Harlan, Deputy.

CONSTITUTION

FOR THE PEOPLE OF

YOLO AND SOLANO COUNTIES!

S. GOLDMAN,

THE GROCER,

—ON THE—

Cor. of Second and J Sts.,

SACRAMENTO,

Is Selling Groceries and Provisions Very Cheap.

And the People of the West side of the Sacramento River will do well to do their trading in Sacramento at

GOLDMAN'S STORE,

WHERE THEY CAN

SAVE FROM 15 TO 20 PER CENT.

☞ I keep a large stock of Choice Groceries and will SELL VERY CHEAP FOR CASH. I have

New Goods Every Day!

—AND—

Ship all orders from the Country Free of Charge to the RR. Depot or Steamboats promptly.

S. GOLDMAN,

Cor. 2d and J Sts., Sacramento.

se25w

Ordinance No. 26.

To Amend Ordinance No. 17.

BE IT ORDAINED BY THE BOARD OF Trustees of the Town of Woodland:

Sec. 1.—Section fifty-four of Ordinance number 17 of said Town is hereby amended so as to read as follows: Sec. 54. Itinerant hawking or peddling, or offering for sale of goods, wares, merchandise, medicines, or other articles, whether by sample or otherwise, when the monthly receipts are five hundred dollars or less, five dollars per quarter, and for every additional five hundred dollars five dollars per quarter; *provided* that persons who are engaged in furnishing regular customers with newspapers or periodicals, fire-wood, milk, fruit, vegetables, fish or game of their own capture, or other articles of their own production shall not be required to pay license therefor.

Adopted Oct. 6th, 1879.

JAS. VEIRS, President,

Attest: A. Nickelsburg, Town Clerk.

oct9d2t

VALUABLE TOWN PROPERTY FOR SALE!

That Eligibly Located and Desirable Town Property situated at the Southeast Corner

Oak Avenue and Cypress St.,

Containing Five Acres of Land,

Is offered for sale by the owner, together with the COMMODIOUS RESIDENCE thereon

This fine property will be sold either as a whole or in part if applied for soon.

For particulars apply to

GEO. D. FISKE,

au29dw Postoffice Building, Woodland.

NOTICE! NOTICE! NOTICE!

RETIREMENT FROM BUSINESS.

GOSLINER & CO.,

—OF THE—

SAN FRANCISCO AUCTION STORE,

NEXT DOOR TO THE BANK OF WOODLAND,

Would respectfully notify the People of Woodland and surrounding country that they

Offer their Entire Stock of Merchandise,

—CONSISTING OF—

DRY GOODS, FANCY GOODS,

CLOTHING, BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS,

And Everything appertaining to a First-Class Store,

At a Tremendous Sacrifice!

AS THE ENTIRE STOCK

Must be Sold by the 15th of October!

Therefore all should take advantage of this opportunity, for this is their Last Chance.

AS WE EXPECT A GRAND RUSH TO THE

SAN FRANCISCO AUCTION STORE,

We would advise all who wish to SECURE BARGAINS to come without delay.

Also, our SHELVING, COUNTERS, SHOW-CASES and a LARGE SAFE for sale.

☞ **We notify all persons indebted to Gosliner & Co., of the San Francisco Auction Store, to please call and Settle their Accounts immediately and Save Cost.**

COSLINER & CO.,

SAN FRANCISCO AUCTION STORE. Next Door to Bank of Woodland.

se24dw

CHANGE OF DRUG FIRM.

Having sold my Drug Store to Messrs Casler & Co. I would respectfully solicit all my customers and friends to bestow their patronage upon my successors. They are gentlemen of practical business experience, well known to you all, and I feel assured that in their new line they will serve the public in an acceptable manner. C. W. PROCTOR.

Referring to the above, we would respectfully announce to the general public that, as successors to Mr. Proctor, we intend to sustain the reputation that the Store has deservedly gained. We shall buy for cash, handle the best of goods, purchased in the best markets East or West. Our stock will always be kept complete and well assorted, and we guarantee satisfaction as to good, pure goods and low prices. We are to retain the services of Mr James McClary, whose reputation as a careful and experienced Druggist is too well known to need any comment from us. Hoping to meet all the old customers of the House and many new ones we are

Respectfully yours,

se16d1tw1m CASLER & CO.

Probate Notice.

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE COUNty of Lake, and State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of WILLIAM GORDON, deceased:

Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of the County of Lake, and State of California, made on the 14th day of May, 1879, in the matter of the Estate of WILLIAM GORDON, deceased, the undersigned, the Administrator, with Will annexed of said estate, will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, for cash, Gold Coin of the United States, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on SATURDAY THE TWENTY-FIFTH DAY OF OCTOBER, A.D. 1879, at One o'clock P.M., in front of the Court House, in the City of Woodland, County of Yolo and State of California, all the right, title, interest and estate of said WILLIAM GORDON, deceased, at the time of his death; and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has, by operation of law or otherwise, acquired other than or in addition to that of said WILLIAM GORDON at the time of his death, in and to all those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in the said County of Yolo, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to wit:

Tract No. One—That portion of what is known as the Gordon Grant, in Yolo County, State of California, known and described on a map of the survey of said Grant made by R. K. Nichols, and filed in the Recorder's Office of said Yolo County as Lot Six (6), and bounded as follows, viz: Commencing at a point on the north boundary of said Grant from which the N E corner of said Grant bears S 79¾°, E 200 chs distant. Thence N 79¾°, W 32.50-100 chs along the north boundary of said Grant, thence S 10½°, W 116.75 chs to center of Cache Creek; thence S 79¾°, E 27 chs down the center of Cache Creek; thence S 63¾°, E 5 80-100 chs, down center of Cache Creek; thence N 10½°, E 118 50-100 chs to place of beginning, containing 331 20-100 acres of land.

Tract No. Two (2).—That portion of what is known as the Gordon Grant, in Yolo County, State of California, known and designated on a map of a survey of said Grant made by R. K. Nichols, filed in the Recorder's Office of Yolo County as Lot Five (5), and bounded as follows, viz: Commencing at a point on North boundary of Grant from which the N E corner of said Grant bears S 79¾°, E 160 chs distant; thence N 79¾°, W 40 chs along the north boundary of said Grant; thence S 10½°, W 118 50-100 chs to center of Cache Creek; thence S 63¾°, E 41 50-100 chs down the center of Cache Creek; thence N 10½°, E 129 50-100 chs to place of beginning, containing 496 acres of land.

Tract No. Three (3)—That portion of what is known as the Gordon Grant in Yolo County, State of California, known and described on a map of a survey of said Grant made by R. K. Nichols and filed in the Recorder's Office of said Yolo County as Lot Four (4), commencing at a point on north boundary of said Grant from which the N E corner of said Grant bears S 79¾°, E 120 chs distant; thence N 79¾°, W 40 chs along north boundary of Grant; thence S 10½°, W 129 50-100 chs to the center of Cache Creek; thence S 63¾°, E 10 chs down center of Cache Creek; thence S 64°, E 17 chs down center of Cache Creek; thence S 68°, E 14 50-100 chs down center of Cache Creek; thence N 10½°, E 130 chs to place of beginning, containing 537 acres of land. Terms and condition of sale: Cash, Gold Coin of the United States, to be paid to the auctioneer on the day of sale. Deed at expense of purchaser. J. D. ADAMS,

Administrator of the Estate of WILLIAM GORDON, deceased.

Dated Sept. 16th, 1879. se25w4t

Dissolution Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT THE copartnership heretofore existing under the firm name of Caldwell Bros., of the Yolo Planing Mill has been dissolved by mutual consent. The business will hereafter be conducted by Samuel Caldwell, to whom all outstanding bills of the late firm are payable.

SAMUEL CALDWELL.

Woodland, Sept. 25th, 1879. se26dw

NOTICE!

We have this day sold the Grocery and Provision Department of our Store to Mr. C. B. CULVER, and we respectfully solicit from our friends and former customers a continuance of the liberal patronage bestowed upon us. CHARMAK & LEVY.

Woodland, September 25th, 1879.

Referring to the above, I would respectfully announce to the public that in assuming control of this well known stand I do so with the determination to retain all the old customers of the house and add many new ones, if strict attention to business and an earnest desire to please my patrons will secure this end. I shall endeavor to keep the best of goods and sell them at low prices.

C. B. CULVER.

oc2w

1879. 1880.

Having Just Received a New and Select Assortment of

Dry Goods, Clothing,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

Hats and Caps,

Groceries,

Crockery,

Hardware,

—AND A—

FULL LINE OF GOODS

Necessary to a First-Class General Merchandise Store, I am prepared to offer my customers and the residents of Yolo Co.

FOR THE FALL OF '79 AND '80,

—THE—

Lowest Prices

—AND THE—

BEST LINE OF THE ABOVE NAMED GOODS

CALL AND BE CONVINCED AT

A. HAINES',

Madison, Yolo County, Cal.

N.B.—By having an Agency in San Francisco I am enabled to have the Latest Style Goods at the Lowest Prices.

oc9w A. HAINES.

H. WACHHORST,

IMPORTING

Watchmaker and Jeweler,

79 J St., Sacramento,

BETWEEN THIRD AND FOURTH STS.,

Invites attention to his Magnificent Stock of

Genuine Sterling Silverware!

Ornamental and for the Table—925 fine, warranted to retain its beautiful whiteness and not change to a greyish shade, like coin quality of Silver Forks and Spoons.

JEWELRY—My selection is one of the rarest and most valuable in the State, in Diamond Sets, Stone Cameo, Amethyst, Coral and Solid Gold Sets.

RINGS—An endless variety of every description from plain Solid Gold to the most elegant Diamond Settings.

CHAINS—Opera, Neck Opera Guard, Chatelain and vest Chains, all the new elegant patterns.

SUNDRIES—Lockets, Charms, Sleeve Buttons, Seals, Studs, Collar Buttons, Gents' Gold Hemmed Walking Canes, etc.

WATCHES—Chronometers, Chronographs (quarter and one fifth second) for timing horses, fine English and Swiss watches, American watches from the best manufactories, which I will forward to any part of the country at factory prices.

CLOCKS—From the plainest to the finest French pendules.

DEALERS in these articles from the interior will be allowed a liberal discount.

Orders Promptly Filled.

Chronometers, Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired by the best of workmen and warranted.

My customers enjoy this advantage, I purchase my goods for cash from the factories and sell them cheaper than any other dealer here.

Remember the Sign of the Town Clock.

79 J Street, between 3d and 4th.

oc10w

The Yolo Democrat

Thursday, October 16th, 1879.

GEO. M. MOTT is the authorized agent of this paper in Sacramento for soliciting advertisements and subscriptions, collecting bills, etc.

Every letter or communication to the DEMOCRAT *should bear the name of the author, not necessarily for publication, but as a guaranty of good faith.*

Town and County Matters

Cacheville Dance.

The festive loving people of our neighboring town of Cacheville participated in a social ball last Friday night, and like every occasion of the kind at that place it was made an exceedingly pleasant affair to all participants. It was largely attended by the social elements of Blacks and Knights Landing, and a number were in attendance from Woodland. The managers had exercised their usual energy to make the affair a success, and while youth and beauty—so promiscuously displayed on this occasion—twirled in the maze of the giddy dance, many were the expressions of warm praise. The hall was profusely decorated in an artistic manner, which added life and gayety to the scene, and the delicious music by the Gray Quadrille Band was such as to sustain their high reputation as musicians. Their music is too well known and appreciated all over the county to call for further comment. When twelve o'clock arrived supper was announced and the "glad tidings" were received with one unanimous expression of delight. Under the directions of J. D. Reid and amiable lady, mine host and hostess of the Reid Hotel, the supper promised to be one of the chief attractions of the event, and all such expectations were fairly met. The festal board was lavishly laden with the most inviting delicacies, such as only a skilled hand in the culinary art could produce, and mine host and hostess were the recipients of warm encomiums from all sides. Having partaken of a sumptuous repast, the dancers repaired to the hall, feeling reinvigorated and ready to renew the fantastic with more spirit than ever. "When music rose with its voluptuous swell, soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again, and all went merry as the marriage bell," and every face seemed to bear the expression—"No rest till morn when youth and pleasure meet to chase the glowing hours with flying feet." Having satisfied the spirit of revelry and feeling highly gratified over the social success of the evening, when the watch proclaimed the approach of morn the party dispersed to seek their various homes and to negotiate terms of conciliation with neglected nature, and to pay their due respects to the "god of sleep." Altogether it was a very enjoyable occasion, and the managers merit the highest praise for their energy and painstaking in making it such. Our reporter has not yet dared to make the fact known in the office that a bountiful supply of cake, intended for this office, and intrusted to his care, was totally forgotten. Yet our thanks are due to Mrs. J. D. Reid, and she will please accept them. Ye reporter will have due opportunity to repent his negligence.

A Dangerous Vice.

We have frequently read, with horror, of the unrelenting ravages of vice and depraved habits, as they exist in our larger cities, but only recently were we aware of the startling fact that one of the greatest of all vices existed to an alarming extent in our young and promising city. A person may become a slave to the use of tobacco or intoxicating drink, but the illusory habit of opium smoking, once contracted, is ten times worse than all the other vices combined. For drunkenness there is always a hope for reformation, but from the unyielding grasp of this abominable vice there is scarcely so much as a hope of escape. We are informed that this practice is carried on by certain young men of Woodland, and that in some cases it has become of such a serious nature that the most distressing results are likely to follow. They are in the habit of visiting the low, vile dens of the Chinese and there indulging the delusive fascinations of this self-destructive vice. If there are any who are ignorant as to the evil, degrading and ghastly effects of this dangerous practice we would advise them to inform themselves before falling victims to its terrible influence; and for their own sakes if not for the good of society, we admonish them to keep clear of this chief of all vices. We make this reference through a purely friendly spirit, feeling it a duty we owe to society and particularly to those who are most likely to become unfortunate victims. The degradation the loathsome practice will inevitably lead to is a sufficient warning to all. For their own individual welfare, if for no other consideration, we would warn them to turn before it is too late. A word to the wise should be sufficient.

Preparing Shelter for Stock.

The following remarks from a stock journal contain so much sound advice that we heartily commend them to the consideration of our rural readers: "Now, while we have this delightful autumn weather, is the time to prepare some kind of shelter for stock. All kinds of domestic animals need it. Sheep, that have such warm covering for their backs, need it as much, if not more than other animals. They not only get drenched by the rain, but they have to carry their wet, heavy coats till the heat in their system dries them, and this is very exhaustive to the vitality of the sheep. They can stand pretty severe cold weather, but wet weather is very injurious to them. Hogs have scarcely anthing to protect them from cold, and need very low sheds, so that in cold weather they cannot pile on one another and suffocate the under ones, as they frequently do in very severe cold weather.

Cattle and horses will keep in much better condition, on less food, when they have warm stables or even sheds to protect them from the storms. The shelter may be made of poles and covered with straw, or corn stalks even, and it would pay for the labor a hundred-fold. On the score of humanity, as well as saving food, we ask every farmer to provide some sort of shelter for all his domestic animals, and now, while the weather is good, is the time to furnish it."

School Examination.

Result of the examination in Fairfield School, for the month ending October 3d: James Marshall 97, Lee Marshall 95, Willie Tappe 95, Willie Russell 95, Willie Crawford, 98, Bigler McClory 95, Charlie Crawford 97, Henry Marvin 94, Eugene Marvin 95, Henderson Marvin 98, John B. Marshall 97, Johnnie Henle 96, Mary Ryan 92, Dora Henle 100, Gertie Henle 100, Lizzie Reardon 92, Nellie Reardon 92, Esther Marvin 91, Nellie Marvin 93, Alta Crawford 98, Sara Vandeboe, 100.

DELLA DEXTER, Teacher.

Weather Report.

For the middle Pacific Coast regions, and during the month of October, winds blowing from the southwest or southeast, or from directions between those points, are found to be wind most likely to be followed by rain or snow. Winds blowing from the east or north, or from directions between those points, are found to be the winds least likely to be followed by rain or snow.

Our Schools.

CRAFT HOTEL, WOODLAND, Sept 8, 1879.

EDITOR DEMOCRAT:—We have now been a sojourner in your State six or seven months, and feel ourselves a little acquainted with its rapid growth and varied development, the beauty and wildness of its scenery, its almost endless commercial and agricultural resources, the hospitality and liberality of its people, their wealth and their culture, but we confess, with all due regret, our great ignorance of its educational resources and advancement. We are now determined to remain no longer thus ignorant of your schools, their locality, their facilities, resources, methods of instruction, progressiveness and general patronage and financial prosperity. By and with your consent we propose, in a few informal letters, to give to yourself and readers the results of our search after knowledge in an educational direction.

On Monday morning last we came to Woodland from the residence of our recently elected Senator, Mr. J. H. Harlan, after a few days visit with his estimable lady, for the express purpose of making the intimate acquaintance of Hesperian College, its Faculty, its endowments, its location, its patronage and general progressiveness and financial prosperity.

First, then, as to the College building. Please pardon our frankness, but we were not a little surprised at its unfortunate location and unsightly surroundings and (upon entering the building) we were equally surprised at the absence of all architectural attractiveness, symmetry, or eye to convenience in its construction. With a swift, sudden impulse to destroy and alter (peculiar to some women) we longed to tear down the entire unsightly, art-demoralizing fabric, and in its stead we sighed to erect, in a more suitable location, and with more inspiring outlooks, just such a grand, commodious structure as a thriving, prosperous town as Woodland can and ought to afford, and will soon be obliged to seriously contemplate. With its present endowment, its liberal Board, its able Professors and Assistants, its growing numbers and increasing reputation and firm hold in the respect of this community, and indeed of this and adjoining counties, Woodland must, at no distant day, look to her honors and erect for her boys and girls, young men and women, such a College building as will reflect credit upon her own liberality and intelligence, do honor to the able Faculty, which now has it in charge, and be a fitting structure in which to educate the bright, winsome and deserving young folks, who are at once the pride and the promise of our town of Woodland.

Let us then have a College, and that soon, which shall successfully compete with similar institutions of learning anywhere and everywhere, in this or any county. It can and ought to be done. Now that the beloved and justly revered J. N. Pendegast has gone to his well-earned reward, who is to be the coming man to fill his honored place, and make Hesperian College what he originally intended it should become, one of the leading Institutions on the Pacific Slope.

In our next letter we will, if agreeable to yourself and readers, discuss the *facilities resources, methods of instruction, etc.*, of our College. Yours, very respectfully,

MRS. L. H. CRUTTENDIN HYATT.

Suicide of a Pioneer.

Amos Waring, a California Pioneer and a resident of Washington, Yolo county, for over thirty years, committed suicide Thursday. Mrs. Waring came over to the city yesterday forenoon to make some purchases, leaving her husband in as good spirits as usual. When she returned home early in the afternoon he was lying upon his bed dead and almost cold. A bullet wound in his forehead and a small four-barrel pistol near him showed the cause of death. Deceased came to California in 1849, in the ship Azim, among his fellow passengers being W. N. Brooks and Theodore Weed, now residents of Washington. The Azim landed them at Sutterville, and soon afterwards Mr. Waring established the Olive Branch Hotel in Washington—at first a canvass structure, but subsequently quite a pretentious building. For a while he was connected in business with his cousin, Wm. M. Green, but the latter in course of time dissolved partnership and constructed a fine hotel of his own. Both houses did a flourishing business during the "teaming" days that preceded the railroad era. The cause of the suicide is attributed to worrying over property matters and the fact that he had lost his eyesight to such an extent that he feared it would soon be total. He almost completely lost his sight about forty years ago, but regained it when he came to California. It is presumed that he committed the fatal act about 11 A. M. Thursday, as about that time a boy heard a pistol shot in the vicinity. Justice Buckingham held an inquest in the case last evening, and the jury returned as their belief that the deceased committed suicide. He might have been killed by some one, but there was nothing to indicate it.—*Record-Union.*

All About the Railroad Changes.

The monster ferry boat Solano is rapidly nearing completion and will be ready for a trial trip about the middle of October. The Railroad Co. have a time table prepared and arrangements made to commence running by the Benicia route by November 1st. A radical change is to be made in the time of the overland trains from San Francisco; instead of leaving in the morning they will start at 3:30 in the afternoon. The western bound overland will arrive in San Francisco at 11:46 A. M. instead of 5 P. M. A morning train will leave San Francisco at about eight o'clock, carrying passengers through to Redding. A return train will arrive in the city between 7 and 8 P. M. Dan. West will run this train between Oakland and Sacramento, and it is to make fast time. Four hours are all that is to be allowed it between San Francisco and the Capital city. The overland train is only given four and a-half hours, or twenty minutes less than the schedule time of the present Vallejo route. Conductor Knight is to run this train between Oakland and Sacramento. A half hour is allowed to each the Oakland and Benicia ferry, but it is calculated that by next Spring the employes will become more expert in operating the Benicia ferry and the machinery will run smoother, when the time allotted to ferries will be cut down one-half, and the time between San Francisco and Sacramento to three and a-half hours for the fast train and four hours for the overland. To made this time, the fast train will have to be put on actual running time of at least 40 miles an hour, which is much faster than trains have ever been operated before in this section.—*Vallejo Chronicle.*

The Talk.

The chief topic of discussion on the street at the present time is the action of the Town Trustees in granting to J. W. Peck the exclusive right to furnish the city with water. Some maintain that the Board have overruled the limitation of their jurisdiction, while others hold that their action is nothing more than proper. The public sentiment, at least, is on the side of the Board. However, this has nothing to do with the legal interpretation of the matter. It is certain that the city requires an increased supply of water, and property owners are not very particular as to what measure is resorted to to obtain it.

New Patents.

Dewey & Co., Scientific Press Patent Agency has received official notice of the issue of the following patents to Pacific Coast inventors for the week ending Sept. 30th, 1879: Andrew Jackson, S. F., wrench; S. W. Shaw, S. F., dredging machine; H. White, Quincy, Cal., hand weeding tool.

Board of Supervisors.

Oct. 13th, 1879. Board met—regular session. Members present—B. F. Hester, Wm. Sims, S. N. Mering, R. H. Newton and J. C. Smith.

In accordance with the law in the premises B. F. Hester was duly declared President of the Board for one year from date.

Miner road accepted upon condition that said Miner shall grade up the said road again next Spring.

Ordered that the sum of $800 be allowed Mr. Schantz for damages instead of $600 formerly allowed for road running through his land.

Oct. 14th. Warrant ordered to be drawn in favor of N. Grayson for the sum of $30.75 for repairs on road scraper.

Ordered that the County Surveyor be sent to establish line on certain disputed line of road No. 148.

Ordered that DePue & Co. be allowed the sum of $200 on General fund for taking a lithographic sketch of Court House to be used in the Illustrated History of Yolo County.

The Contract for furnishing County Hospital Supplies was awarded to Porter Co. at $97.75, they being the lowest bidders.

On petition of Ben Peart and others, it was ordered that the Roadmaster be instructed to grade county road from Coll's place to bridge on Cache Creek.

In the matter of Road No. 145 the prayer of the petitioners was granted and damages placed as follows: To Mrs. Roelfson, $123; Hunt, $200 (coin.) Warrant ordered to be drawn in favor of Roadmaster C. Covell in the sum of $347.31 to be tendered said Hunt and Roelofson as damages.

Petition received and filed from C. V. Burke and others praying for a road No. 151. L. P. Everett, J. M. Pockman and R. M. Aucker appointed viewers.

Board adjourned until the 25th.

Railroad Improvements.

Speaking of the improvements made on this division of the Railroad, the Vallejo *Chronicle* says: "Heretofore the grade at the bridge across Putah creek has been of such a character that a locomotive had considerable difficulty in drawing a train of twenty cars across; now the track has been lowered three feet, from the depot to the bridge, and a train of fifty cars with one locomotive can make the crossing with ease. In these times of heavy freighting, when heavy trains are not uncommon, easy transit is an object. All that portion of the road between Swingle's and Washington, about eight miles, has been rip-rapped in a most scientific manner. Mr. John Mullan, of South Vallejo, had supervision of the job. On both sides of the road a perfect wall of granite has been built—sloping up to within two feet of the rails on either side, between which small cobbles are to be compactly placed, and thus making the arch complete. This has been done on account of the floods that have occured at this point during past years, and it is thought that by this rap-rapping process the danger of the road giving way will be obviated.

Took His Leave.

WINTERS, Oct. 13th, 1879.

EDITOR DEMOCRAT:—The ruffian Roberts absconded from Judge Hyatt's ranch, near Winters, bag and baggage, Sunday morning, leaving his bondsmen and hosts of small creditors in the lurch. He was headed towards Oregon and the Esquimaux and Polar bear regions, where it is hoped he will speedily arrive and spend the remainder of his days among his kind. If his attorney and the magistrate who let the would-be assassin off on so trivial a bail ($50) were to follow him on the same hegira the people would not mourn. The people generally are jubilant over the removal of a nuisance worse than the "yellow jack."

Yours, SHOT-GUN.

P. S.—Since the above was written it appears that Bowen, one of the ruffian's bondsmen, overhauled the fugitive and got $25 out of him to let him go. Col. Russell, the other bondsman, is not so fortunate, it is feared.

Town Trustees.

The Town Trustees held a meeting last evening. Ordinance No. 27 relating to the establishment of new water works came up for consideration, but owing to the absence of one of the Board (Jas. Veirs) the matter was continued until Friday.

It was ordered that 500 feet of hose be purchased for the Fire Department, and Chris. Sieber and Otto Schluer were appointed to make the purchase.

It was recommended that Railroad Street between Main Street and Lincoln Avenue be graveled and also that the sidewalks receive attention. Sieber and Schluer were appointed to confer with property owners on said street regarding the matter.

Our Musical Convention.

At the regular rehearsal Tuesday evening there were present about seventy singers and a very pleasant and satisfactory rehearsal was the result. Several visitors from Cacheville and Madison societies were present. The time fixed for the Convention is December 4th and 5th.

Next Tuesday evening the Chorus tickets will be given to the members of the Woodland Society, after which none but members holding tickets will be admitted, and no new singer allowed to join the Chorus. Neither will visitors be admitted to the regular rehearsals, except members of the out of town Societies.

Madison sends in its organization containing 12 members.

S. Holton, Director; Mrs. Dr. Finell, Accompanist; Mr. H. Gill, Treasurer; Mrs. B. J. Cole, Secretary; name, Madison Chorus.

Roll of Honor

Of the Madison School for the month ending Oct. 10th, 1879: George Lucas 96, Sallie Lucas 95, Claudie Tompkins 94, Charlie Stephens 95, Pauline Spencer 97, Carrie Rudolph 98, Geo Tandy 96, Clara Goetie 96, Berdie Spencer 98, Lollie Adams 95, John Tandy 94, Nellie Hillker 93, Mary McConley 97, Ella Hudson 93, Willie Hevel 93, Willis Hevel 91, Mamie Spencer 94, Hiram Wootten 90, Ellen Tilly 94, Henry Haines 90, Manny Haines 90, Jamie Johnson 93, Winnie Spencer 94, Clarence McKenna 91, Margaret Hudson 91, Lucy Hudson 90.

MARY J. GADDIS, Teacher.

Roll of Honor

For Cache Creek School District, commencing September 15th and ending October 10th, 1879: Nellie Parker 100, Mary Lawson 99, Lizzie Diehl 98, Edith Gibson 98, Nellie Dennis 98, Arthur Oliver 97, Mamie Fisher 97, Mattie Fisher 97, Willie Lusk 95, Julia Copelin 95, Mabel Morin 95, Mattie Parker 94, Eddie Ogden 92, Henry Dennis 92, Worthy Diehl 91, Harry Diehl 90, Jackson Dennis 90.

KATIE FISHER, Teacher.

Important Announcement.

We have noticed by the numerous posters and announcements in our city papers that A. Alexander, of the White House, is retiring from business. He has made this assertion now, for the first time to our knowledge. Often business firms make notices of selling out in order to attract customers, but such is not the fact in this case, and we regret sincerely that Mr. Alexander has determined to retire from business. From his arrival dates a new era in the Dry Goods trade in Woodland, and we hope that his successor, whoever he may be, will keep up the business as well as Mr. Alexander has always done. We therefore now inform the public that now is the time to supply yourselves with goods at low figures, for we guarantee you that this will be a genuine sale.

Just received, at Elston's Drug Store, a large invoice of the OWL, PROFESSOR and KEY WEST Cigars. Try them.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Mornings cool and slightly foggy.

Our merchants say that trade is improving.

The wheat market promises to grow firmer.

Our local nimrods report good hunting along the river.

Since the rains, the roads are in splendid condition for travel.

No change in the wheat market—the price remaining firm at $1.75.

The peaks of the Coast Range Sunday morning revealed a coat of snow.

A number of our farmers have been in Sacramento the past week attending the State Grange.

A grand ball is announced under the auspices of the A. O. U. W., to come off at Willows on the 17th.

The total rainfall at Woodland this season is .22 of an inch. Last year at this time .17 of an inch had fallen.

The Postoffice being out of postal cards, J. B. Elston has procured a supply for the accommodation of the public.

Hon. J. K. Luttrell has our thanks for Vol. 8, Part 1 of Congressional Record, Forty-fifth Congress, Third Session.

The "wood hauling" season is under full headway. We notice a large amount of the article being hauled into town.

And now the soul-moving, terror-inspiring blast of the soulless fish peddler is heard, as he toots his horn at early morn. What next?

The run of salmon in the Sacramento river at present is said to be small. It is probable that the Washington Cannery will soon shut down.

The fishing mania is having a run just now. Lovers of the piscatorial art ply their skill every day at Willow Slough, and meet with great success.

The Fresno *Expositor* comes to us this week printed on yellow paper on the "half sheet." The editor fails to state how long he has had the yellow fever.

As has been already stated, the Mexican War Veterans are making preparations to attend the reception of General Grant at Sacramento on the 22d.

The protracted meetings continue in the Christian Church, and much interest is manifested in the cause. They will continue as long as the attendance will warrant.

The Solano *Herald* comes to us with the announcement at the head of its editorial columns—"For President, Ulysses S. Grant; For Vice-President, Aaron A. Sargent."

Messrs. Whittemore & Higginson's drug store is being renovated. The ceiling is being beautifully frescoed in oil colors. This is decidedly the handsomest little store in town.

The local of the Red Bluff *Cause* has seen a cucumber that weighed 15½ pounds. We have known people to see snakes as big as elephants; in fact it generally works that way.

Thomas Pockman, of Woodland, is spoken of among the probable appointments under Governor Perkins for the position as Warden of the State Prison. The chances are in his favor.

The Bank Exchange Saloon, formerly occupied by Abe Morris, has been reopened by C. Lockhart. Jo. Morris, the well known and accommodating caterer has been retained at the bar.

Farmers having summer fallow are now busy putting it into grain. There is a large acreage of summer fallow in the foothills and on the plains, fully as much as was cultivated any former year.

Prof. J. K. Van Shyke, of San Francisco, we learn, is to conduct the Musical Convention in Woodland. He is a man of considerable experience in that line and will doubtless do much to make the affair a success.

A gentleman from Bodie was asked what he thought of the country? He replied, "There are but three things at Bodie—big mines, little mines, and whiskey-shops; in other words, ophir holes, gopher holes and loafer holes."

The daily edition of the Woodland DEMOCRAT comes to hand replete with items of local news. It is a credit to the town, and should be (as it doubtless is) well supported by the business people of that borough.—*Solano Herald.*

Our old friend and former cotem., Wag., is getting out a live, spicy paper up there in Oregon. He seems to have the whole journalistic fraternity in his quarter to "stand off," and it doesn't worry him much either. *Vive l'Argus!*

The funeral of the late Amos Waring of Washington took place Sunday afternoon from Pioneer Hall, under the auspices of the Sacramento Association of California Pioneers, of which he had been a member. It was largely attended.

A grand ball is announced to take place at Sackett's Hall, Winters, by the young men of the place, on Friday, October 24th. Good music will be furnished by Marvin's String Band, and it promises to be a pleasant affair to all who participate.

Ha! The *Mail* didn't even mention the DEMOCRAT in its issue of last week. Never before have we been made to feel our extreme diminutiveness. But then, our neighbor has got high-toned—made too much money out of the campaign paper business.

A lady writer in the Santa Rosa *Times* dilates at considerable length on the vexatious question, "What shall we do with our boys?" It seems to us, however, that at the present time the overplus is on the other side. The "boys" are beginning to grow independent.

Says the *Lake County Bee:* From all the indications, we have much hope that in the short future our anticipation of a railroad will become a living reality. We are expecting to have some definite information on the subject of the extension of the Vaca Valley and Clear Lake road in a week or two.

The evenings are now growing long, and the question how to improve them most profitably offers itself to the inquiring mind. Societies of an instructive nature would be found to work good results. Let our young people concern themselves in the matter and take the necessary steps.

A few days ago the Sacramento river was down to 5 feet 10 inches above low-water mark. Saturday it was up to 6 feet 2 inches, and had on the previous day been 1 inch higher. The rise is probably not due to the recent rain, but to the mountain springs having commenced flowing, as they usually do a short time previous to the setting in of the rainy season.

Ed. C. Woods, formerly of this office, is on a short visit to Woodland from Adin, Modoc county, his present home, where he is engaged in the drug business, having purchased a half interest with Dr. McCash, his brother-in-law. Ed. will act as agent for the DEMOCRAT in that locality, and he will probably contribute to its columns occasionally. He returns home to-day.

Dr. H. M. Kier, of Knights Landing, was in town Saturday. He says the people of his town are troubled with the ague. He himself has contracted the malaria, and informs us that he will start on Monday next on a visit to St. Louis, Mo. During his absence Dr. Clark, of Cacheville, a competent physician, will fill his vacancy. The Doctor is an estimable gentleman and we wish him a pleasant journey.

The Vallejo Daily *Chronicle* of Saturday comes to us in a new, attractive dress and enlarged to a six-column journal. The *Chronicle* is a meritorious paper and doubtless a credit to the town it represents. The people of Vallejo should take pride in encouraging the new management in its enterprise. We have long thought that Vallejo should support a better daily, and it now has a first class opportunity to do so.

The present state of the weather is by no means calculated to enlarge the profits of the ice trade.

Elaine Oil, the best Coal Oil in the market, at Culver's.

Commercial competition has sprung up between Italy and China. We yesterday saw a Chinaman on the street selling fish.

A full and complete stock of School Books, Stationery and School Supplies, just received at Elston's Drug Store.

The Marin County *Tocsin* has passed into the hands of Jas. H. Wilkins; J. B. Fitch, the former editor and proprietor, retiring

The Board of Supervisors will receive bids up to October 25th for building a bridge across the English cut on the Sacramento river.

Elders Johnson and Wilmott will commence a protracted meeting at the Christian Church in Madison on Saturday evening, the 18th inst.

See the new style, Patent Chimneys and full stock of Dishes and Glassware, at J. H. Eaton & Son's.

Mr. Gwinn has sold out his interest in the meat market of Frazer & Co. and retired from the business, which will be continued under the same firm name.

Staple Groceries are advancing, now is the time to get supplies. For Cash you can still buy very cheap at J. H. Eaton & Son's

T. L. Duke has been appointed by the Pacific Conference (South) to preside at Winters the following year. A. Odom has been appointed at Knights Landing.

Water is now furnished to the town free of charge. But those Banana and Cocanut Cakes, Nicnacs, Boston and Milk Crackers at Culver's cost you but a trifle and are something nice.

Don't fail to read the new advertisement of the White House. Mr. Alexander is determined to go out of business, and until he sells, customers can obtain goods almost at their own prices.

We understand that a large number of Woodlandites, including the Ellis Band, contemplate attending the Grant reception at Sacramento, and it is thought an excursion train will be run on the occasion.

The county tax of Yolo is apportioned as follows: Contingent, 40; General, 17; Salary, 12; School, 13¼; Hospital, 10; Bounty, ¼; making a total of 92¾ cents on the $100, which added to the State levy makes $1.55 on the $100. The tax last year was $1.58.

It is expected that a change in the railroad time table will go into effect by the first of November. It is not yet known what changes will take place, but it will doubtless make an earlier evening mail in Woodland, a change which will be joyfully hailed by our people.

Our much respected contemporary, the *Solano Republican*, has just concluded its 24th volume. Outside of political matters we regard the *Republican* as one of the best county weeklies in the State. It has our best wishes for success, such as its energy and ability merit.

The *Cause* and *Sentinel* of Red Bluff are engaged in a war of words. We expect soon to hear of the blue eyed beauty of the *Cause* and the red headed cherub of the *Sentinel* meeting in some dark and solitary passage some starless night, when the people of that town will be shocked by a bloodless encounter.

They are nearly as hard up in Mariposa county for an item as we are up here. The last number of the *Gazette* chronicles the thrilling news that a young lady in a neighboring town is afflicted with a bad cold, and that its foreman found several hair-pins and a pair of striped stockings in its office.

Whenever you see a boy sitting in the woodshed absorbed in perusing some literary work, don't deceive yourself that he is torturing his brain over Scott, Dickens, Dumas or any of those fellows. Ten chances to one but he is reading "Three Fingered Joe" "Club-footed Bill," or the "Bold Scout of the Black Hills," or some other equally edifying work.

Calling on Miss Moses, the fashionable dressmaker of Woodland yesterday, found her and her several assistants—all well known as first-class hands—busily engaged at work. We are pleased to learn that she has decided to stay with us and continue her well established business. Give her a call and examine the elegant dresses she is now getting up. They are exceedingly fine.

The rains in this locality have not yet been sufficient to do any serious damage to dry feed, but they have laid the dust nicely and given everything a fresh appearance. Nothing could do more to relieve the atmosphere of its impurities than rain at this season. In some portions of the county we learn that much more rain has fallen than fell here, and it will probably have the effect of starting the grass. Saturday night the rain amounted to sixteen-hundredths of an inch.

Referring to the item published a few days ago, to the effect that action had been commenced by the Sacramento Savings Bank against Dr. Glenn to foreclose a mortgage of $200,000, the Colusa *Sun* says: We understand that this complaint was filed simply to keep the note from being outlawed, and that another was not given because this will be paid off as soon as the Doctor sells some wheat. The action is entirely friendly, and there is a perfect understanding between the parties.

We see by our exchanges that the young men in many portions of the State are organizing themselves into the order known as the "Native Sons of the Golden West." The Order is confined to the State, and none are admitted to membership unless they were born west of the Sierra Nevadas since 1846, and are of good moral character. It is a charitable Society and conducted on the principles of fraternity, beuevolence and the care of members in sickness. Have we an eligible number among us to organize an Order in Woodland?

To-day we publish a testimonial signed by a number of well known horsemen in the county, testifying to the efficiency and skill of Dr. J. J. O'Neil, veterinary surgeon. The Doctor has had a large and very successful experience in the treatment of horses in this county, and our horsemen cheerfully acknowledge his professional skill. He has just invented a condition powder which has been found an effectual remedy for many diseases of the horse. Dr. O'Neil has acquired such a reputation among horsemen throughout the county that our testimony in his behalf is quite unnecessary.

For the benefit of the general public we will state that there is a weekly newspaper published in Woodland called the *Standard*. In the last issue of this delectable sheet the precocious young man who assumes its editorial control takes the DEMOCRAT to task for not expressing an opinion in regard to the action of the Town Trustees upon the water question. The writer well knew that the senior editor of this paper was absent at the time, and that the local had no right to venture an opinion in his absence. But as the DEMOCRAT is well known to be the representative of public opinion in the community, we deemed it proper to leave the question open to public discussion. No opinion at all is better than an opinion from a source without any weight, however.

BORN.

In San Jose, Cal., Oct. 11th, to the wife of Elder B. A. Stephens, a Son.

List of Unclaimed Letters

Remaining in the Postoffice at Woodland, October 13th, 1879:

Allard, L
Bashford, Ella
Burke, Mrs Erastus
Clark, A D
Dickens, E F
Dieudonne, August
Henley, H H
Jones, A L
Kirtley, N B (2)
Lane, A M
Marston, Wealthy
Sweet, Will
Thomas, E P

Persons calling for the above letters will please say "advertised."

L. WALKER, P. M.

TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT.

M. C. WINCHESTER, . . . Editor.

All articles intended for this column must be sent to M. C. Winchester, Knights Landing, Yolo County, who has charge of the Temperance Department, by appointment of the Yolo County District Lodge I. O. G. T.

Grand Lodge of California I. O. G. T.

The Grand Lodge closed a very pleasant and prosperous session at Friday noon Oct. 10th. The intelligence of the members was much above the average of former years. The finances are in a healthy condition. The receipts amount to above $27,000 and the expenses above $25,500. The Order of Good Templars in California was never in so flourishing a condition as at present. Its membership now numbers between 11,000 and 12,000 members, that for moral worth and intelligence are not behind any association in the State. The past year has been the most prosperous of any since the Order was established and the prospect for the future is most encouraging.

The Order has past beyond an experiment and has become an established fact, and henceforth its members will be a power in the moral and political field for good, and if we act wisely we shall be feared and courted by those who hope to profit by our help. Popular opinion that is setting in our favor will continue to gather force and strength until it shall become a torrent, sweeping before it all the baser elements of society and bringing all the sophistry of the advocates of vice and crime forever beneath an enlightened public opinion.

The Orphan's Home is also highly prosperous. There are now one hundred children in the Home, most of them brought there through the evils of strong drink. They are fed, clothed and schooled mostly through the active charity of the Good Templars. True the State contributes, as it does to other similar institutions, and the city of Vallejo pays $700 towards the school; making in all about $7,000 from State and city. $2,500 is contributed by those having children there for their support, and the balance, some $5,000, is contributed directly by the Good Templars, the total expense being between $14,000 and $15,000.

There may be more wealthy institutions in the State, but there is none more widespread or liberal in its scope anywhere. It therefore behooves temperance people everywhere, whether in the order or out, to bring the subject before the community, that they may contribute to carry on so philanthropic a work.

From "Independent Farmer."

SCOTTSVILLE, Mo., Oct. 3d, 1879.

EDITOR DEMOCRAT:—As it is raining here to-day I will drop a line or two to your valuable paper, for I have several copies present which are liked very much by the people of this little town. The people are living here in happy ignorance; they do not know that there is a better clime than Missouri. My father is the oldest settler of this (Sullivan) County. He has been living here forty-two years; settled here when the Sioux Indians roamed the forest in search of game. I have visited the home of my childhood, which has brought many fond recollections to mind. Oh! what a pleasure to visit the home of our youth. But California is still our home, the best climate in the world.

INDEPENDENT FARMER.

There have been more cures of nervous debility, weakness of reproductive organs and paralysis made by the wonderful English remedy, Sir Astley Cooper's Vital Restorative, than by all other remedies combined. Why will you suffer? Send to A. E. Mintie, M. D., No. 11 Kearny street, San Francisco, for the Restorative, and be cured. Price $3 per bottle; four times the quantity, $10. Try it. Sold by Elston & White

se25w

We are Just Receiving and Opening Goods Bought at Auction, at the

Great Western

BANKRUPT STORE!

10 dozen Corsets, warranted whalebone, at 60 cts. Regular price, $1.25.

30 dozen Ladies' all linen Handkerchiefs at $1.25 per dozen. Regular price, $2.50.

1 case of double width Ladies' Cloth, all shade, at $1 per yard. Regular price, $1.50.

1 case of Ladies' double-width Water-Proof at 75 cents per yard. Regular price $1.25 per yard.

10,000 yards Embroideries from 4 cts to 75 cts per yard—worth double the money.

The Largest Stock of

Breton, French Blonde and Trochan Laces

At 30 per cent. Cheaper than the Regular price.

ALL THE LATEST NOVELTIES IN

DRESS GOODS

At 40 per cent. Cheaper than the Regular price.

We would call your attention to our

Large Stock of Ladies', Misses' and Children's

SHOES!

Which is manufactured expressly for our Trade. Every pair warranted.

Our Stock of Men's, Youths' and Boys'

CLOTHING,

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS,

ETC., ETC., ETC.

Is Now Complete and Cheaper than Ever.

Bear in mind Ladies and Gentlemen that most of these goods are Bought at Auctions and for Cash, and will be sold strictly for the same, as we have small expenses and are

SATISFIED WITH SMALL PROFITS

It therefore enables us to sell goods

Lower than Any Store in Woodland.

You will find all our goods marked in Plain Figures and at ONE PRICE.

We guarantee to give a Dollar's worth of Goods for Every Dollar Received.

Goods will be exchanged cheerfully or the money refunded, if desired.

It will give us pleasure to show goods whether you purchase or not.

Hoping you will call and see our prices before purchasing elsewhere, we remain,

Yours very gratefully,

GREAT WESTERN BANKRUPT STORE,

One door East of Elston's Drug Store,

oc2dw WOODLAND.

CASTOR OIL FOR MACHINERY,

WINTER BLEACHED LARD OIL,

RAW AND BOILED LINSEED OIL,

BEST SAFETY KEROSENE OIL,

ATLANTIC WHITE LEAD, SULPHUR.

For sale, wholesale and retail, at Lowest Market Rates, by

BLUE STONE and WASHING SODA just received and for sale, wholesale and retail, at Lowest

WHITTEMORE & HIGGINSON, Druggists,

Main Street, Woodland, Cal.

$300 A MONTH guaranteed. $12 a day at home made by the industrious. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys and girls make money faster at work for us than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as anyone can go right at. Those who are wise who see this notice will send us their addresses at once and see for themselves. Costly outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. jy3dw

D. H. QUINN,

THE HATTER,

FOURTH AND J STREETS,

SACRAMENTO.

LATEST STYLES

ALWAYS ON HAND.

oc12dwim

HAVING PURCHASED THE SHIRT business of Mrs. T. C. Pockman, I am prepared to furnish Home Made Shirts, warranted to fit, at $1.75 and $2.00 each. Orders solicited. Will be found for the present at the residence of C. S. Frost.

oc3d MRS. E. L. GILMORE.

GERMAN AND FRENCH LESSONS.—An experienced Teacher desires to obtain a class in the above languages. Terms very reasonable. Apply to MISS SOPHIA JOHNSON, at the residence of F. M. Brown.

oc3d

The Yolo Democrat.

WOODLAND, YOLO CO., CAL.,

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1879.

The Discontented Pollywog.

A TRAGEDY.

It was a little pollywog,
So lovely and so fair;
A thimble would hold ten of such,
And then have room to spare.

She had a splendid bathing tub,
And all the food she needed;
And yet this foolish pollywog
Her blessings left unheeded.

She scorned to be a little thing,
And live in such a muddle;
She longed to lead the ton, and be
The biggest in the puddle.

She had no thought of future grief,
Or possible disaster;
She wished and wished from morn till night
That she might grow up faster.

And so, according to the law,
This baby pollywog
Became at last a lady grown,—
The lovely Mam'selle Frog!

It happened that she lived in France,
A country so benighted
That lords to eat a frog's hind-legs
Full often are invited.

And there, all in her tender youth,
An epicurean sinner
Carved carefully her dainty limbs,
And ate her for his dinner.

Dear little friends, the moral heed,
If 'tis not always pleasant:
He makes the most of life who lives
Contented in the present.

—*Youth's Companion.*

"Ten Great Gals."

AN AMUSING STORY OF A SCHOOL TEACHER.

At the age of sixteen, before we had discarded our "round-abouts," we contracted to "keep school" in District No. Five, for twelve dollars per month and "boarding round." We knew very well the little red school-house, standing at the exact center of the district, on the borders of a mighty swamp, the farmhouses scattered about the hills, and we also knew the nuisance of that particular school, a squad of half-a-dozen rough fellows who had emerged into "tail coats," and would hardly relish the discipline of a boy pedagogue in a round-about.

After the first flush of elation at our election, the reflection came back, like a return wave of ice water, that, in all human probability, ere our seventeenth birthday should dawn, we should be seen vanishing, head foremost, out of the school-house window, into a big snow-drift, propelled by class No. One of big boys. In our anxiety we applied to "Aunt Anna," the general oracle of the household. Aunt Anna was a stalwart maiden of sixty summers, gigantic in proportions, but every inch a lady in her dear old heart. She had nursed half the children in town through the measles, mumps, and chicken-pox, and was the main-stay in all family emergencies. There were sly rumors that the occasional attack of "fidgets," which overcame the good old lady at night, had some relation to a mysterious black bottle which she always carried in her work-bag; but Aunt Anna, plus the "fidgets," was worth a regiment of ordinary feminines for the home-made uses of country life.

"Well, now, you are really going to keep school in District No. Five," said Aunt Anna, smoothing down her big checked apron, and raising her spectacles for a good long look at the incipient pedagogue, seated in the opposite corner of the fireplace.

"Yes, Aunt Anna, I have promised to keep that school, but, between you and me, I am dreadfully afraid to tackle that crowd of boys. You know what a rough set they are, and one of them has already given out that there will be no board wanted in District No. Five after the first week."

"That's a serious matter. Now let's see if I can't think of something to help you. Now, you see I don't know anything about book larnin'. No doubt you can cipher that back seat of boys into the middle of next week. But they can fling you over the roof of the school-house into a jiffy, if they have a mind to. I know every family in the district. I've nussed in every house, and taken the measure of every youngster that will come to that school. There's one thing in your favor. *There'll be ten great gals in that school*, and most of 'em are good gals too. Now, some are a head taller than you, and two or three of them are right handsome, too. They can twist that crowd of great, bashful boys round their little fingers if they want to. Now, mind what I tell you; do you go right to work and gain the affections of them ten great gals, and they'll manage the great boys, while you keep school."

That sounded well; and armed with this panacea against rebellion, we opened school the Monday after Thanksgiving. It was a rough-looking set up on the high seats—that row of villainous-looking fellows, any of them big enough to throw me over into the big swamp with one hand!

Happily our first boarding-place was the home of two of the "great gals." Never did we "lay ourselves out" to gain the good graces of the lovely sex as during the first week of that boarding round. We rode on the front of the sled with the tallest girl, played checkers with the second, got all snarled up in a "cat's cradle" with the pretty visiting cousin, and put in a word of explanation for the "hard sums" of all, in the long evenings at home.

The first crisis came at the beginning of the second week, when a big, lout "sauced" the new schoolmaster. Somehow, it crushed us, and for a moment the school-room swam round, and the idea of seizing our fur cap and making for home flitted across our vision. Just then the patter of a light footstep was heard down the long slope of the narrow aisle leading up to the seat of the "ten great gals." The tallest glided down, ostensibly to ask the explanation of a hard sum, but, as we leaned over the slate, with a dimness in the eyes, we heard a whisper in our ears.

"Don't be cast down; we girls will shame that seat of boys into good manners before another week."

A light broke in; we were gaining the "affections of the ten great gals."

So things drifted for six weeks, when dawned the judgment day. We had gone to board with a good, motherly woman, who loved us as her own son. A big fire in the parlor greeted our arrival, and a supper fit for the parson himself. After tea our hostess appeared in her best black silk, in her hand a mighty black "ruler," and sat down before us with the air of a Minerva:

"Now matters have come to a point in your school; you have been trying to govern that crowd of rascally boys by love, but that has come to an end. To-morrow they'll try to put you out. Take this ruler. Don't come home to-morrow night unless you have used it up over the head and shoulders of somebody."

There was no appeal from that. A greater than the whole class of "great gals" had spoken, and we felt in our souls that fate was standing at the school-house door.

Were we endowed with the epic rags of a Homer or a Pope, we might possibly depict the scenes of the coming day. How the ugliest loafer, in a frock coat, kicked in the door at recess; how, when the trembling young master asked "who did that?" the big boor lifted his thumb to his nose, and executed that significant gyration with the little finger which would make a savage of St. John himself; how, fired with the courage of despair, and a vision of our house Minerva, we seized the big oaken ruler, rushed up the inclined plain, upsetting several small children on the way, plunged at the throat of the insolent scoundrel, tore off the collar of his frock coat, snaked him down the area before the fireplace, and beat him over the head and shoulders till he roared for mercy; how, at intervals, he cast a glance at his accomplices, and took in the situation; how the "ten great gals" had spiked the guns of all but this wretch, who slunk and begged under our hands—how we wound up with an eloquent address, and gave the whipped ruffian his hat, with instructions to go home; how his sensible father took off what remained of his dilapidated frock coat, and trounced him till he yelled again and sent him to school the following day with a compliment to the plucky young master; all this might be sung in heroic verse.

But, if the truth were known, it was not we, but the "ten great gals," that did the business. They had so demoralized the attacking columns by the magic of their charms that but one had the heart to defy the little master, and he dared not lift his hand when the day of battle came. And from thatday we crowned dear old Aunt Anna prophetess of love.

Gain the affections of the "ten great gals" in your school-room, "and all things shall work together for good."—*Golden Era.*

Thomas Hill.

Some of the qualities we have learned to look for in vain in the canvases of Bierstadt we find represented and emphasized in the paintings of Thomas Hill, who succeeded him as court painter to the monarch of the Rocky Mountains. Hill began life as a coach painter at Taunton, Massachusetts. After deciding on a professional art career he visited Europe, and was benefited by observation in foreign studios, especially of France, although his style is essentially his own. His method of using pigments is sometimes open to the accusation of hardness; there is too often a lack of juiciness—a dryness that seems to remind us of paint rather than atmosphere. But Mr. Hill is a good colorist, bold and massive in his effects, and a very careful, conscientious student of nature. He has been happy in the rendering of wood interiors, as, for example, bits from the forest of Fontainebleau. One of his most remarkble New England landscapes represents the avalanche in the Notch of the White Mountains, which was attended with such disastrous results to the dwellers in the valley. But Mr. Hill will be identified in future with California, where he has become a resident, and has devoted his energies to painting some of the magnificent scenery of that marvelous region, where the roar of the whirlwind and the noise of the thunder reverberate like the tread of the countless millions who evermore march to the westward. As he sat on the edge of the precipice, the forerunner of coming ages, and painted the sublime and solitary depths of the Yosemite, did the artist realize that with every stroke of the brush he was aiding the advance guard of civilization, and driving away the desolation which gave additional grandeur to one of the most extraordinary spots on the planet? In his great painting of the Yosemite he seems to have been inspired by a reverential spirit; he has taken no liberties with his subject, but has endeavored with admirable art to convey a correct impression of the scene. This work may be justly ranked with the best examples of the American school of landscape painting.—S. G. W. BENJAMIN, in *Harper's Magazine.*

The Indians of Patagonia.

I do not wish to incur the charge of attempting to revive the exploded legend of the "noble savage" in favor of the Tehuelche race, but I must say that in general intelligence, gentleness of temper, chastity of conduct and conscientious behavior in their social and domestic relations, they are immeasurably superior, not only to the other South American indigenous tribes, but also, all their disadvantages being taken into consideration, to the general run of civilized white men. Their natural talents are displayed in a marked manner by the rapidity with which they pick up a new language, and the ease with which they grasp the totally new ideas which the acquiring of a complex foreign tongue must necessarily entail on a race whose original range of thought is of a most limited nature. Among the southern Tehuelches I met several who spoke Spanish with ready ease, notwithstanding that they seldom had opportunities of practising it. There was one Indian who called himself Capt. Johnson, who surprised me very much when I first met him by asking me with a round British oath for "a plug of tobacco."

Polygamy is admitted on principle, but no man may marry more wives than he can afford to maintain, and there is therefore, seldom more than one mistress to each household. Marriages *de consenance* are very rare; but as a matter of form the bride is purchased from her parents for a certain number of mares, or whatever objects her lover can afford to give. But as the dowry of the girl generally quite compensates for the expense her lover has incurred in obtaining her, the transaction must be considered rather as an exchange of presents than a mere unsentimental bargain. Out of mere curiosity to learn the technical details of Tehuelche marriage settlements I once entered into negotiations with a rich old squaw for the purpose of contracting matrimony with her daughter, who was a charming girl of about 15. The price I finally agreed upon was eight mares, a bag of buscuits and some sugar, which I was to procure from Sandy Point. The dowry of the daughter consisted in four new guanaco mantles. I held out for five, and, on my remaining inflexible on this point, the negotiations fell through.

Again we read:

Husband and wife seem always to get on very well together, indeed, one of the pleasantest traits in the Tehuelche character is the affection with which relations regard one another. The love of the parents toward their offspring is almost morbid in intensity. Their grief at the decease of an only child frequently manifests itself in the most exaggerated manner. It is not unusual in such cases for the parents to turn all their belongings, kill all their horses, and reduce themselves to a state of utter poverty—a touching proof of the sincerity and depth of their sorrow, if not of soundness of their views on practical economy. "When an Indian dies, however many horses he may possess, they are all killed, and his other belongings are scrupulously burned. Thus no family can acquire such a preponderance of wealth as would enable it to obtain ascendant influence over and curtail the liberties of the rest of the tribe. Whatever the defects of this system may be from the political economist's point of view, it seems to be very well adapted to the desires and circumstances of the Tehuelches; and as an instance of how socialistic tendencies may be practically modified to suit certain exceptional conditions of existence, it is perhaps not without some interest."

Of the Patagonian generally, Mr. Beerbohm writes:

"If required to distinguish the Tehuelche by a single characteristic epithet I should call him not only the noble, but the happy savage. Far from being saturnine or grave, he is as light-hearted as a child, all mirth and contentment, and wonderfully easily moved to laughter. Life is, indeed, a very pleasant matter for him. Without any exertion on his part being necessary, all his wants are supplied in abundance. He has no onerous daily drudgery to undergo; he has no enemies to fear; he is not driven from his hunting-grounds to starvation and death, like his North American cousins, by the ever-advancing white man. He is seldom visited by sickness, and his life is unusually prolonged. That he has absolutely no troubles I will not affirm, but if he has any he certainly takes them very lightly."—From "*Wanderings in Patagonia.*"

The Famous Platte Canon.

"How," said a Cabinet officer recently, "did the projectors of this road ever have the courage to attempt its construction?"

"They had never visited the proposed line," was the answer. They never had. It was necessary to connect Denver with the vast mining region beyond. In spite, therefore, of the fact that a preliminary survey had declared the way utterly impracticable, in spite of the fact that no wagon road ever had been deemed possible, that no mule trail had ever penetrated it, that not even adventurous man had ever found rest for the sole of his foot in its impenetrable fastness, the plucky men of Denver built the road, and to-day it stands as a veritable triumph of mind over matter, a monument more enduring than brass to the skill of the American engineer.

Picture a narrow line, almost the geometrical right line—length without breadth—between perpendicular cliffs rising in many places to the altitude of 1,500 feet. There is barely room, even after the dynamite has done its stupendous work, for the rushing, dashing, foaming Platte Creek and the narrow guage train. Literally not a foot to spare, and, unless one has a head to spare, the warning injunction given in the car is to the point. In a dozen places the creek itself has been turned out of its bed, cribbed, cabined, confined to still narrower limits to get a right of way for the sturdy locomotive. In some places men were lowered down the face of the cliff a *thousand feet by ropes* to drill holes in the face of the rock, in which iron rods were inserted on which to make a platform to gain a footing to do the requisite blasting. There is no room for telegraph poles, and the wires are suspended from short iron rods set into the face of the rock. In places the rock hundreds of feet above it overhangs the train, giving the nervous one an involuntary shudder at the inevitable should the Frost King ever loosen one of the huge fragments.

Down this gorge tumbles the Platte, like the cataract of Ladore. Nearly its entire length it is dashed to a creamy white foam. At no point does it spread out into those pools that other streams indulge in. It is at rare intervals pellucid, but never placid. Up this canon, twisting and turning, always climbing, pants the little locomotive, and the wheels of the train, as they whirl, now this way now that, around the continuous curves, groan and shriek as if in mortal agony. First the train is on one side, then on the other of the little creek. It doubles on itself, and you wonder how any less elastic substance than India rubber can so convolute itself. Simply by short curves the train traverses ten miles in making an air line of but five.—*Cor. Detroit Free Press.*

There are few women who, if they have exhibited the judgment and tact which generally command a certain measure of happiness in life, arrive at middle age without acquiring an expression of face which is often no bad substitute for actual beauty. Character and expression leave their mark upon the feminine countenance in a more conspicuous degree than even time itself, and when a woman has once passed the age of thirty her face proclaims, with increasing distinctness, whether she is a daughter of wisdom or folly.

Turkey, in the political signification of the word, consists of a horde of greedy, hungry pachas and bloodsuckers, who want Europe to provide them with the means to indulge in the foul debaucheries in which they delight, and whose financial morality is about on a par with that of professional swindlers in a gambling hell.—*London Truth.*

George Francis Train says that Prince Jerome Napoleon is the bravest man in Europe. Shouldn't wonder if he were, after all.

The Old School Southerner.

In a White Sulphur Springs letter to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* the old-fashioned Southerner is thus described: The dining-room and ball-room are very large and barren-looking; but they are thought to be delightful by the old school southerner, perhaps from past associations. He can tell you where Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, Daniel Webster (Webster is very apt to be classed with the southerners, perhaps, as has been said, because he paid no attention to his debts), Thomas H. Benton, Roger B. Taney, B. Barnwell Rhett, Francis W. Pickens, George W. McDuffie, Pierre Soule, William L. Yancy, and any number of departed political magnates, sat; how they ate; what they said, and how they looked. Many of these reminiscences are so interesting that I should be glad to write them out; but I must reserve them for a more convenient occasion.

The old school southerner naturally lives in the past, and looks gloomily on the future. He still believes in slavery, even if he does not own it; in the duello, in state rights of the strictest sort, in orthodox theology, in the chivalry of his people, (meaning natives of the south;) and the infinite superiority of southern women to the women of any other part of the world. He is growing to be a rare figure in the land; but he is represented here, and his talk has the quaint flavor of a bygone era. He is profuse of "Sirs," especially of "my dear Sirs;" he invariably uses "Mistress" for "Mrs;" he quotes Horace and Cicero; thinks turgid rhetoric eloquence; has a deep vein of cheap, tawdry sentiment, which he conceives to be gallantry and chivalry, and believes that the old Richmond *Enquirer* and Charleston *Mercury* were the ablest and highest toned journals yet known to civilization. In the latter half of the nineteenth century he is plainly out of place. He has lived too long; the age has gone by him. He has learned little by experience, and forgot everything which did not reflect his prejudices. He looks as old as he is, a type of the past. In one of his forms, he is now leaning against the wooden column of the broad veranda, gesticulating nervously to a much younger man, as he explains the doctrine of nullification, and insists that the south lost her great opportunity by not going out of the union in 1832, when South Carolina threatened secession. He does all the talking..

Beer.

The following, which we clip from the Detroit *Free Press*, may be true or not as to Mr. Beecher, at whose expense, nowadays, many loose statements are made. We give the little article for its wit:

Mr. Beecher has taken to beer. He recently said that after sixty years of total abstinence he had learned that a glass of lager beer was a good thing to take before going to bed. It is to be hoped that temperance people will not hastily blame the Rev. Henry Ward, as this sentence brought on him a speedy and terrible punishment, and this is written in the hope that every reader who has tears to shed will prepare to shed them now and bestow all his sympathy on the unfortunate Brooklyn preacher. The above extract reached the ears of a Toledo brewing company, and there was more joy in that brewery over one clergyman brought to acknowledge King Gambrinus than over ninety and nine common folks that take their glass of beer every day. The brewery men immediately sent a keg of lager to the address of Mr. Beecher. No doubt the keg has reached there by this time and has been taken by the careful expressman and deposited at the pastoral front door, just as people are going by to prayer-meeting. But the worst comes after. Just think of a man doomed to drink Toledo beer, even a glass of it, and then think of that keg which Mr. Beecher is in honor bound to consume! No doubt Mr. B. had drank a glass of fine Detroit lager when he made the foregoing statement, and never thought it would bring down on him a keg of Toledo stuff. It is to be hoped some kind person will send Henry Ward a case of Detroit lager wrapped up so as to look like a package of books, and the absorption of our beer will take the taste of that Toledo fluid from Mr. Beecher's mouth.

Marriage in Public Parks.

The latest silliness that Cincinnati indulges in is public marriages at Inwood Park. A society was established not long ago by ex-Mayor Moore and others who ought to know better, and this society has for its object the "promotion of marriage." The society gives a gold ring to the bride and some furniture to the newly-married couple, and furthermore does the marrying for nothing. The marriages are, of course, done wholesale, and consequently the society gets the very lowest obtainable rates. The society gives a big picnic at Inwood Park when these interesting ceremonies take place, and thus they pay expenses and probably reap a large profit. The city is flooded with handbills advertising the picnic. The society announces its aim to be to promote in all honorable ways the marriage of citizens, giving material aid to young couples to begin married life by securing homes and getting employment for the husband. The invitation in the bill reads: "Young men, come with your sweethearts, and if you have none there will be thousands of handsome girls to select from; young ladies, come and bring your beaux with you; old maids and deplorable bachelors, don't fail to be on hand with the hope that you may yet be saved. Come one and all and enjoy yourselves."—*Detroit Free Press.*

HE WAS SMITH.—A good story is told of the embarrassment of a bright Hartford girl at the late Yale commencement, who was regaling a party of students with anecdotes and class day gossip in the parlor of the New Haven House, saying, among other things, that "the Class President tells me he is a little worried about the thirteenth toast to-night." "How so?" "Why he says the man who is to respond to it is a very poor speaker if he don't drink, and worse if, as is too often the case, he drinks too much. The question is who will see that he drinks just enough?" A dumb silence followed this tale, during which a young man with a flushed face got up and left an adjacent seat from which he had been an unobserved but attentive listener. "Who is that gentleman?" said the lady. "That is Smith, who is to respond to the thirteenth toast," was the reply.

Afghan Revolt.

The British Government have certainly one and possibly several Bosnias in Afghanistan. Their treaty was made with the Prince whom they had set upon a tottering throne, and not with the rebellious and misgoverned tribes. So restless and warlike a race could not be converted by protocol and parchment into a submissive and well-disposed horde of mercenaries. The Afghan regiments in the Ameer's capital have risen in revolt, and the populace have joined the soldiery in plundering the arsenal and military stores, and in mas. sacring the entire British Embassy Unless the Ameer feigns surprise, he was taken unawares, and was powerless to defend Major Cavagnari and his little band, who fought gallantly to the last man against overwhelming odds. The British columns are already in motion toward Candahar, Jehalabad and Peiwar Pass. An advance upon Cabul has been ordered. A campaign of which England was weary before it had fairly begun has opened anew.

Undoubtedly this uprising will be attributed by a portion of the London press to Russian intrigue, but this will be a hasty judgment. The empty treasury is the basis of a more tenable theory. The Afghan troops may have resorted to insubordination as the best means of collecting their arrears of pay. The Ameer may have connived at the mutiny for the sake of intimidating the Indian Government and replenishing his treasury. The populace may have been swayed by caprice, like every Eastern mob, and the movement may have passed out of the control of the intriguers who planned it. The most natural supposition, whatever reasons may be assigned in the earliest dispatches from Simla, points to the jealousy of rival chiefs and restless factions as the exciting cause. The succession to the Afghan throne has always depended upon the caprice of the sovereign or of his favorite wife. When Shere Ah died there were many claimants besides the General who was favored by the British commanders. Ibrahim was the oldest son, Ayub was the third; Ahmed Ali was a favorite grandson; Abdul Rahman was the eldest son of the eldest brother; and there were more wandering heirs, some in exile, some in prison and some in league with influential chiefs. It would be strange, indeed, if Yakoob, the second son, had been able to strike a bargain with all his relatives, and put an end to intrigue, anarchy and revolt.

What was the outcome of the invasion of Afghanistan forty years ago? The British forces made rapid conquests. Candahar was captured, the fortress of Ghiznee was carried by storm, Cabul was occupied, and a prince who had been faithful to England was kept upon the throne. Yet it was not long after a treaty had been signed that there was a great revolt in Cabul. British officers were butchered, the garrison was forced to march out of the capital, and an army, attacked on flank and in rear, was destroyed on the march to Khyber. That outbreak was headed by Akbar Khan, son of the Ameer who had made peace with the invaders. It is to be hoped that the historical parallel will be drawn no closer than it is as the lines now stand. Another Khyber might be the prelude to another Indian rebellion. When, however, a great nation plunges into unnecessary and unjustifiable wars, like the campaigns in Zululand and among the Afghan hills, retributive justice may follow close. The Indian frontier has been extended and "scientifically rectified" not because England wanted any portion of Afghanistan, but because the Government and people were in a fidget lest Russia should work some mischief in Cabul. The battleground of the future is now more accessible to Russia than it was before the war, and England is finding out once more that the East is still the changeful East.—*New York Tribune.*

Steel Steamboats for the Hudson.

Mr. Van Santvoord, the president of the company which owns the Albany day boats, has announced that it is the intention of the company to construct a boat of steel of about the size of the *Mary Powell*. The weight of a steel hull is said to be considerably less than that of an ordinary wooden one, and its capacity for fast travel is proportionately greater. The new boat will replace the *Daniel Drew* in the regular trips, and the *Vibbard* will be remodeled and improved. All this, however, is for the next season. Meantime, they who travel on the Hudson have reason to be content with these two fine steamers as they are. They make good time, and afford comforts and elegancies which are the admiration especially of the foreign tourists who make in them their first acquaintance with our river steamers. Admirable are the scrupulous neatness with which they are kept and the trained efficiency of their crews. Those who have traveled on the Rhine or the Swiss lakes cannot fail to notice, by way of contrast, the neat, rapid, quiet, and, one may say, elegant manner in which the landings are made and the passengers and their luggage discharged. The *Daniel Drew* and the *Vibbard* have this season carried daily their thousand and more of passengers, yet without uncomfortable crowding; nor do we anticipate that the number will be lessened in September, which is, perhaps, the most delightful month of the year on the Hudson. One of the satisfactions in traveling on these boats is that one is always sure of good company, the presence of people of polite habits and appearance. These are largely made up of native and foreign tourists who, guide-book in hand, study with enthusiasm the the ever-changing grouping of the hills on either hand. Probably to-day the *Daniel Drew* will carry more than its usual complement as far, at least, as West Point, where, to-day, the Custer monument is to be unveiled with military ceremonies. The trip to West Point is one of the pleasantest excursions that can be made from the city. Between the arrivals of the "up" and the "down" boat there is an interval of three or four hours, which one may pleasurably devote to rambles and the inspection of the government grounds and buildings, with time to spare for a good dinner at the old West Point Hotel, under whose revered roof all our great military heroes have slept.—*New York Home Journal.*

A clergyman, preaching a sermon on death, concluded with the following observation: "But even death, my brethren, so well deserved by mankind for their sins, the wisdom of Providence has, in its paternal kindness, put at the end of our existence; for only think what life would be worth if death were at the beginning!"

Wits in the Bud.

Children are embryo philosophers. As the tiny plant foreshadows the flower of the garden or the tree of the forest, so the child foreshadows the man, and the early developments of the mind indicate the latent philosophical capabilities. A little boy once stood thoughtfully gazing into the sky, and, upon his father inquiring what he was looking for, was found philosophizing on "how God got him down here when he was made up in the sky." A little girl was also puzzling herself about her transference from Heaven to this mundane sphere, and questioned her mother:—"Did God and the angels have a funeral when I came away?"

"I presume there was no funeral," said the mother.

"Well," said the child, "I presume they all felt bad."

A little girl, who had fallen out of bed, said at first:—"It was because I slept too near the place where I got in." Then, correcting herself, she said: "No; it was because I slept too near the place where I fell out!"

A little boy was asked if he had a good memory. "No," said he, "but I have a good *forgetency*."

A shrewd little fellow lived with an uncle who barely afforded him the necessaries of life. One day the two were out together and saw a very thin greyhound, and the man asked his nephew what made the dog so poor.

"I expect," replied the boy, "he lives with his uncle."

A little boy running along caught his toe in something and fell on the pavement.

"Never mind, my little fellow, it won't hurt to-morrow," said a bystander.

To which the boy replied:—"Then I won't cry to-morrow."

A mother was telling her "little hopeful," among other things, of the leopard that cannot "change its spots;" he, however, insisted to the contrary, declaring that "when it is tired of one spot it can change to another."

A little girl found a shelless egg under the currant bushes in the garden, and in a high state of excitement brought it and showed it to her aunt. "See, auntie," said she, "what I found under the currant bushes? And I know the old hen that laid it. I'm just going to put it back in the nest and let her finish it!"

A friend of the writer, who resides in a hilly district, was one day not long ago walking out with her little nephew, a child of seven. They observed a strong little pony drawing its load vigorously and quickly up an incline. At length Harry asked:—"How is it, auntie, that ponies can go faster than horses?" Then he paused a moment, and answered himself, "I think I know—*they haven't so much of themselves to carry!*"

Another friend very recently overheard the following dialogue, the speakers being her little daughter, Maggie, about four years old, and her little son Wilfred, two and a half. Master Wilfred had nervously requested his sister to go with him into another room for some purpose, the room in question being at the time unoccupied. This proposition not meeting with Miss Maggie's approval, as she was just then otherwise engaged, she promptly said:—"There are no lions there, and there are no tigers there; go yourself, Wilfred. And, be side," she added, "you will not be by yourself; Jesus Christ will be there."

"Will he?" queried little Wilfred; and, apparently satisfied, he went alone on his expedition.

A talkative girl often annoyed her mother by making remarks about visitors that came to the house. On one occasion a gentleman was expected, whose nose had been by some accident flattened nearly to his face. The mother cautioned her child beforehand to say nothing about this peculiarity. Imagine her consternation when the little one exclaimed in the gentleman's presence:—"Ma, you told me not to say anything about Mr. Smith's nose; why, he hasn't got any."

The confidence a child has in what is said by its parents is well illustrated in the following: A little boy, disputing with his sister, argued his point in this way:—"It is true, for ma says so. And if ma says so it *is* so, even if it ain't so!"

The following is an instance of a kind of drollery one would scarcely expect in a very little child. The writer has a brother who stands not far from six feet "in his stockings;" and, as he is a well-built man, the said hose, knitted of good thick wool, for winter wear, are rather immense articles. This "big brother" has two little girls, one named Ethel, the other Nellie—still called Baby—two years old. One day, a short time ago, mamma, having occasion to visit the kitchen, Miss Ethel, who was with her must needs go too; and what should she spy but her papa's stockings hanging up to dry. Turning her eyes upon her mamma with a most comical expression in them, she said, "Are those Baby's little socks, mamma?"

The richest woman in England, Lady Burdett-Coutts, has not been much of a traveler, and many years have passed since she crossed the Channel. Recently, however, she went to Amsterdam in her own steam-coach, the *Walrus*. It is a large steam vessel built for the passenger trade, but at present fitted up as a private yacht and manned with a picked crew. After her return to London she expects to visit Cherbourg, and then, if not tired of the sea, she contemplates making a tour in the Mediterranean. She intends to go to Constantinople, the city to which she sent from her own purse nearly $20,000 during the recent war.

A beautiful and talented girl had completed the course of study in a popular college with which I was connected. Her share in the public exercises of commencement day was received with enthusiastic admiration by a large promiscuous assemblage. The President took the earliest opportunity to congratulate the father upon his daughter's brilliant success, and the plain, blunt, but sensible old man replied: "Now, sir, I would be glad to have you recommend some good school to which I will send my daughter, that she may be taught to spell and write, for her letters home are simply disgraceful."

The discovery of archæological remains on the banks of the Trubesh River, in Poltava, Russia, is of great scientific interest. A large number of stone arrows and knives, besides pieces of coal, bones, fragments of earthenware, and bronze implements have been dug up from beneath the recent deposit of sand. This is the first instance of the finding of any remains of the stone and bronze periods in southern Russia.

Gossip.

"Know thyself," the famous motto inscribed above the entrance of the Temple of Apollo at Delphi, seems in these latter days to be changed into "Know thy neighbor," and is inscribed over all temples, of gods and men. "The proper study of mankind is man," according to one of our classic poets, and this aphorism is both the text and justification of our sisters, cousins, aunts and all their relations, male and female. Every newspaper has its column of "Personals," in which we may learn about the Queen and all her subjects of any distinction, and of the President and whatever is supposed to be interesting concerning his private affairs, and of the private sayings and doings of all public men and woman. Whatever column is passed by in any newspaper, the column of "Personals" is read, and having once been created it is not likely to be omitted ever again, for it gratifies a certain taste inherent in humanity.

Our novelists and story-writers of the highest grade cater directly to this taste, and our historians also. They strive to delineate character by bold and by fine touches, by anecdote and portraiture, and they do not always idealize their creations and representations so much but that in looking at them we, as in a mirror, see ourselves to an extent, or think we do. And right here is the gist of the whole matter. We are interested in our neighbors, we are profoundly interested in ourselves, and the intenser our self-interestedness the greater our concern for the affairs of our neighbors. When we become absorbed in invention, in creation, in discovery, in art, in science, in professional services, we get out of ourselves, we lose for the time immediate personal interest in ourselves and in our neighbors, so far as that interest tends to show itself in gossip. We haven't time to hear how many new dresses Mrs. Smith has bought and how each one of them is made; we don't care whether or not Mrs. Jones or Mrs. Brown are at variance over the respective merits of their canary birds' song. We don't even care to hear about Mrs. John Doe's troubles with her servant girl, or to take time to rehearse our own kitchen troubles. We have something else to think of. In hours of relaxation inventors, artists, scientists and professional men like to indulge in anecdotes of their fellows, just as now and then they may enjoy 10 cents worth of candy; but if this sort of intellectual pabulum were all they fed on, they would starve in a week. As a confection, a relish, a spice, a garniture, a bit of gossip now and then is not to be despised, and those who must have it may read the "Personals," and may regale themselves with Theophrastus Such, and the writings of Rochefocauld, with Marmontel's Memories of Voltaire; and in a thousand other ways without getting down in the atmosphere of common gossip. Of all empty heads, the head of the gossip is emptiest; of all desiccated hearts, the heart of the gossip is dryest and most like parchment. The breath of the gossip is the breath of the sirocco, which as it comes from a desert leaves only a desert behind it.

The genus gossip is various. There are civil gossips, literary gossips, social gossips, religious gossips; each variety is as empty and useless as every other; no, not useless; nothing is useless in this world. Even cobras and garter snakes have their "mission," though we may not know what it is. In spite of our ignorance, however, there are few who do not endeavor to put an end to the mission of these creatures, one of which is certainly harmless. The higher we get above the surface of the earth the freer we are from the insects and vermin of various sorts that live in or on and near the the soil. Flies do not trouble the dwellers on Mount Washington or Pike's Peak. In like manner the higher we rise in the intellectual and moral atmosphere the further away do we get from the pettiness, the scandal, the gossip, the malarias that linger in low moral and intellectual altitudes. High cultivation and thorough drainage, to borrow a simile from agriculture, may do much to reclaim these swamps and morasses, but when these fail, migrations to higher regions may be relied on as a sure deliverance.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Alas! the Poor Miser.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Saturday Night* relates the following, which should be a warning to all misers:

While in New York before the death of A. T. Stewart, the merchant prince, which he was sometimes called, as I was going along West Fifteenth street, my attention was arrested by a gang of about a dozen children playing a childish game of play upon the sidewalk. Some dozen girls and boys were in a circle, holding hands and moving around, while one stood in the center, with his hands in his pockets. I thought they were playing "Chickey-me-chickey-me craney-crow," but they were playing a game called "Stewart, the Miser," and as they moved round and round they sang verses, which had for their chorus, "A. T. Stewart, the miser," and so they sang together:

"A. T. Stewart, the miser!
A. T. Stewart, the miser!
A. T. Stewart, the miser!"

To a well-known common tune. Here, thought I, was food for reflection. The richest man in New York, even in his life, was infamous among the children. What were all his wealth, his lands, his moneys, his stores, his hotels, his theaters, and his garden cities—what did they amount to, when in the mouths of children he was "A. T. Stewart, the Miser?" "Oh, *fame*, where is thy blush."

The Roman Catholic Church in the eastern countries of Asia, where Protestantism has a comparatively feeble footing, and where a little more than half a century ago it had scarcely any at all, now reports at its missions no fewer than 109 bishops, 5,630 priests, and 2,835,663 nominal converts. Of these converts there are 887,474 in India, 772,412 in China, and 16,622 in Japan. More than 9,000 additions were made in China last year. The early missions of the church in these countries from the days of Francis Xavier were very successful; but at the close of the last century, by the breaking up of the societies in France and Italy, they declined until little life remained in them. Since then a society for the Promotion of the Faith has labored very zealously to recover ground that has been lost, and the figures here given illustrate the splendid success which has followed the work.

SAN FRANCISCO ITEMS.

The canvass of the late city election is complete.

Twenty-seven men are on a walking match of six days at the Mechanics' Pavilion.

The total receipts from the San Francisco Harbor for the past month were $52,772 91.

The Market Street Railroad Company has forbidden smoking on the rear platform of the cars.

The capital stock of the Bank of California has been diminished from $5,000,000, divided into 50,000 shares, to $3,000,000, divided into 30,000 shares.

At the end of last month there were in the State Prison at San Quentin 1,531 convicts. During the month 29 were added to the August list; 51 were discharged.

The Poundkeeper reports: Dogs impounded 499; redeemed, 51; released, 82; sold, 14; killed, 355; on hand, 46. Cash received for dogs redeemed and sold, $169 10.

The man who was charged with cruelty to animals in killing a cow in the attempt made to get her out of a clothing store by prodding her with a knife, was convicted in the Police Court.

The Internal revenue collections in the San Francisco district last week amounted to $39,-185, making a total since January 1st, of $1,-651,844 against $1,537,900, in the corresponding time last year.

The passenger arrivals at San Francisco by sea in September numbered only 707, against 1,208 departures. Since the check given to Chinese immigration, the passenger statistics have been small.

The friends of the elective franchise for women have organized an association and adopted articles which demand just and impartial laws and the political unification of the race regardless of sex.

Minnie Gay, the missing girl, has returned to her parents. She says that she was influenced to leave her home by a woman who was once her mother's friend, and not by cruelty on the part of her parents.

There are now in port under engagement to load wheat 30 vessels of 57,510 tons of tonnage, with a carrying capacity of 1,720,000 centals. There are 17,000 tons of disengaged tonnage in port, and 155,000 tons on the way here.

The Committee of Arrangements for the recent Camp-fire at the Mechanics' Pavilion only issued 7,000 tickets, and it has now been discovered that thousands of spurious tickets were printed and sold at prices varying from 20 cents to $1 each.

The Alaska Commercial Company's screw steamer *St. Paul* has been tendered to General Grant and party for the trip to Oregon. The offer was accepted and the vessel is receiving some necessary alterations incident to the pleasure and comfort of her distinguished passenger.

In the suit brought by the city against the San Francisco Gaslight Company to recover taxes to the amount of $16,000 due the State for the fiscal year ending June last, the Gas Company offered to pay $6,138 86, which compromise was accepted by J. P. Bell on behalf of the city.

During the last month the police arrested 1,635 persons. 218 of these were arrested for assault; for burglary, 32; carrying concealed weapons, 23; drunk, 745; soliciting for and visiting houses of ill fame, 40; profane language, 86; larceny, 104; misdemeanor, 100; robbery, 13; vagrants, 23.

The Sailor's Home, under the management of the Ladies' Seamen's Friend Society, is a benevolent institution worthy of favor. The receipts during the past year have been very small. There are at present but 30 boarders in the Home. During the past year about 500 have been registered. For board and merchandise $5,165 have been expended.

The Western Union Telegraph Company has made a new rule, making all places on this coast half-rate offices. The advantage of the half-rate system is that one may, during the day or evening, leave a message, which will be transmitted after business hours at one-half the regular rate. Hitherto only a few offices on the Pacific Coast have had the advantage of the half rate.

The Superintendent of the House of Correction has filed the following report for August; Prisoners on hand August 1st, 301; received during month, 63; discharged during month, 96; pardoned by Governor, 1; sent to Chief of Police, 195; prisoners on hand August 31st, 356. Demands on the treasury were issued to the amount of $4,953 29. The reports state that the health of the inmates is good.

The extensive preparations for the Author's Carnival still continue and are nearly complete. At the last meeting of the Executive Committee, a former decision that no intoxicating drinks be sold in the building was reiterated. Neither will there be any "ring-cakes," or other questionable practices. Five thousand season tickets have been printed. Fifty cents will be charged for a single admission.

The trial of Dudley H. Haskell, Jr., charged with the murder of George Schwartz, still continues. The examination of witnesses is exceedingly protracted. The defense has been endeavoring to prove that Schwartz fired the first shot and that Haskell shot twice in self-defense. The prosecution, on the contrary, endeavors to prove that there were only two shots fired. Many witnesses testify that there were *three*—many others testify that there were only *two*.

Now that General Grant is away at Yosemite Valley, after two weeks' ornamentation of the city in his honor, the flags and rich displays of bunting which made the principal streets so gay, are being taken down. The triumphal arch, at the head of New Montgomery street, has been taken down, whereof every friend of the fine arts who has any cultivated taste, must be glad. Such a set of daubings called paintings never so disgraced a city that had money to lavish in evidences of honor to a hero.

Under the head of "Reception Incidents," the San Francisco *Bulletin* has the following: The receipts of the Palace Hotel bar on the Saturday evening of Grant's arrival were more than $1,000. The Palace, to use a local phrase, is a two-bit house, and the calculation can easily be made that more than four thousand drinks to Grant were taken. It is presumed that nearly all of the enthusiastic throng took Congress water in imitation of the illustrious General. Mrs. President Hayes may rest assured that no more whisky was taken than climatic conditions rendered necessary.

The Supervisors, who lunched at the Cliff House with General Grant, were bowed down with grief when they saw the General drink water. They had to take water also, and yet the choicest wines were on the table. Certainly, the Supervisors had a new sensation.

A member of the Board of Education in attendance upon General Grant, rather apologized for the energetic attention of some premium pitchers. He pleasantly said it was quite like a battle, if one would imagine the flowers were bullets. The General remarked quietly: "If they were bullets, I would not be here." He might have finished the sentence *sotto voice*, "with the Committee."

A fearful and fatal balloon accident occurred in this city last Sabbath. Professor S. W. Colgrove, the aeronaut and owner of the ill-fated balloon, "General Grant," and who has been making numerous "Sunday excursions" from Woodward's Gardens the past season, accompanied by Mr. Charles H. Williams, the manager of the gardens, ascended in the balloon about 4 o'clock P. M. The wind blew a gale, the balloon did not rise high, but soon sank to the level of the telegraph wires, and when over Folsom street, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth, struck the wires and chimney-tops and collapsed. Both men were suddenly hurled to the ground. Williams, falling upon his head, was killed instantly. Colgrove died in about half an hour.

The day before General Grant's departure for Yosemite, about 25,000 pupils of the public schools had the pleasure of seeing him at Woodward's Gardens. Near the gate was an arch of evergreens, with the word "Welcome" in large letters. Flags and streamers were displayed in all directions, and the aisles, platforms, stairways and balconies were crowded with tastefully dressed boys and girls. The pavilion was one moving mass of young heads, and the seats around the amphitheater were crowded to their utmost capacity. In reply to an address by Mr. Heister the President of the Board of Education, General Grant among other things, said: "Where educational facilities are given to all boys and girls—for education is as necessary to the woman as to the man—we may feel sure of the permanency and perpetuation of our institutions. These institutions are in much more danger from attacks from our own people through want of education, than from any foreign foe. I look upon this gran gathering of public school children as a happy harbinger of the prosperity and progress of your State and our country. This greeting is one of the pleasantest I have received since my return to my own land, and will be long cherished in my memory.

NEWS SUMMARY.

Gortschakoff has visited Emperor William at Baden.

Nashville has raised the quarantine against Memphis.

The weather in New York has been extremely hot.

Emperor William is endeavoring to reconcile Bismarck and Gortschakoff.

The European steamer *Bothnia*, brought to New York $440,000 in gold coin.

During September the Philadelphia mint coined: Silver dollars, 1,878,050; minor coins, $14,734.

The excess of exports over imports for the year ending August 31, 1879, amounted to $289,709,341.

Eastern Siberia is menaced with famine. Grain is dearer than ever before, and the poor are suffering severely. The harvest was very bad.

The London *Pall Mall Gazette* says it has become apparent that serious trouble is brewing in Ireland, in consequence of Anti-Rent and Nationalist agitation.

The following amount of coinage was executed at the United States Mint in Philadelphia in the month of September; Silver dollars, 1,808,050; minor coins, $14,737.

Mobile has removed all quarantine restrictions against New Orleans. The Little Rock, Arkansas, Board of Health has adopted less stringent quarantine regulations against Memphis and other infected points.

At a meeting of the Washington Monument Society last week a letter was read from Don Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, formally presenting to the Society the stones which he has sent to this country to be placed in the monument.

The war in Afghanistan still goes on. The concentration of the attack on Cabul by the English army may be effective. Already there are within or at the walls of the city five battalions of infantry and four batteries of artillery.

Following is the coinage of U. S. Mints for September: Gold 183,583 pieces, value $1,-869,120; silver 2,595,200 pieces, value $2,396,-092; minor coins 1,469,150 pieces, value $14,-794. Total, 3,998,912 pieces; total value, $9,279 906.

A dispatch from London says: One hundred and fifty thousand pounds in bullion, remaining from the Australian consignment of 200,-000 pounds, mentioned Saturday, together with 25,000 pounds additional, were purchased yesterday for the United States.

The public debt statement shows a decrease for September of $2,563,751; cash in the Treasury, $234,778 679; gold and silver certificates, $19 132,750; legal tenders outstanding, $346,681,016; fractional currency, $15,-747,503; refunding certificates, $8,608,900.

The Republican Convention of Nebraska has been in session lately. The following resolution was passed: We welcome back to the shores of America the champion of our Union, protector of our nation, and hero of the great rebellion, General Ulysses S. Grant.

A dispatch from St. Louis says: No tidings have yet been received of Professor Wise and his companion, George Burr, journalist, who left here in a balloon last Sunday, and the opinion is strong that they have met the fate of Donaldson and Grimwood, who ascended from Chicago two or three years ago.

A dispatch from Ottawa, Canada, says that Princess Louise has taken passage by the *Sarmatian*, which sails from Quebec on the 18th of October. Her health has been poor recently, and her medical advisers urged a change of air. It is understood, however, that she will return to Canada in time for the opening of Parliament.

The Chicago *Tribune* has been publishing a large number of interviews recently with prominent citizens, Democrats and Republicans, and sums up the result by saying that the almost universal feeling is that Grant will be nominated, and among most Republicans that he ought to be nominated.

A Tennessean, at Iowa City, shot a colored man without provocation. On being taken to jail he said that old Abe Lincoln had freed seventeen of his father's slaves, that he meant to kill the d——d nigger, and hoped he would die: that he had killed several niggers down south, and nothing was said about it.

A murderer was recently hung at Little Rock (Ark.) in the presence of three thousand five hundred people. On the scaffold he made a short speech in which he said: "I die to day for a crime for which I deserve punishment. I would give some advice to young men and boys; honor your father and mother that your days may be long on the earth."

A terrible accident occurred recently at a fair at Adrian, Michigan. About two thousand people had assembled in the newly erected grand stand to witness the races. The center of the grand stand gave way with a crash. The front part fell outward and back and into the river, precipitating a mass of people among the ruins. Sixteen persons were killed and twenty-five badly injured, some of whom cannot survive.

The Arctic expedition yacht, *Jeannette*, has been heard from again. On the 27th of August she was in St. Lawrence Bay. After that date she sailed farther north. When the schooner, *Fanny A. Hyde*, that had taken coal to the Artic for her, parted from her, the captain of the schooner expressed the hope that they would meet again. Captain De Long, of the *Jeannette*, replied: "I hope so; I have no doubt of it whatever."

A dispatch from Toledo, Ohio, says that the reunion of survivors of Southern prisons at that city, was a grand success. Fully 1,500 ex-prisoners, from all sections of the country were present. A grand demonstration was held at Saenger Hall. The immense building was beautifully decorated with flags, evergreens, shields, and mottoes. Five thousand people assembled to hear the exercises, manifesting the wildest enthusiasm throughout.

At the Pension Office at Washington, arrear claims to the amount of $20,734,507 have been settled up to October 1st. The average amount of arrears in each case settled was $545. Whole number of cases settled in September, 13,287. It is estimated that there are still about 6,000 or 7,000 pensioners entitled to arrears, whose cases have not been settled. It is almost certain that the $25,000,000 appropriated will be sufficient to cover arrears which were due upon pensions allowed previous to January 25, 1879.

There is in the Treasury but about $6,179,-000 in gold in denominations of less than twenty dollars, an amount not sufficient to meet any active demand upon the Treasury for small coin. To supply this deficiency, it is understood to be the intention of the Treasury Department to recoin most of the foreign gold received at the New York Assay Office into five and ten-dollar pieces. In the recoining of foreign gold, nothing less than five-dollar pieces will be turned out. It is desired to get as large a number of standard silver dollars as possible into circulation.

There has been a severely fought battle on Milk River, in Colorado, between the Ute Indians and United States troops. The troops were defeated. Major Thornburg, who was in command, was shot dead. Fifteen of his men were killed and forty wounded. The rest of the command were besieged with seven days' provisions and waiting for reinforcements which have been hastened forward for their relief. A dispatch from Cheyenne, (Wy.), says: Information, believed to be authentic, has been received here that General Tyner, Assistant Postmaster-General, Governor Hoyt, of Wyoming, and a military escort of eight men, are now with Thornburg's command, on Milk River. It is now reported that Agent Mecker and his family and all employes have been murdered and the agency buildings destroyed, but the report lacks confirmation. Settlers from Snake and Bear Rivers are flocking in here for safety, and considerable excitement prevails. Later dispatches from Denver and other points say that Tyner and his party are safe most probably. General Merritt, with 350 cavalry, is gone to the scene of conflict. Other forces are on the way. There are varying views as to the cause of the outbreak. One who writes from Denver says: "The cause of the outbreak was probably the failure of the Government to pay the $79,000 due under the Brunot Treaty of 1873, by which the San Juan mining region was ceded by the Utes to Colorado. The New York papers place the responsibility of the outbreak on the neglect of Congress to indemnify the tribe for their lands, and to authorize negotiations for peaceable removal. A telegram says army officers entertain their favorite opinion that the outbreak is due to the "rascalities of Indian agents," and that the men and officers Thornburg had with him were not the kind of soldiers required to deal with the Indians. Great excitement prevails at Rawlings, (Wy. T.,) where settlers are arriving for protection.

SAN FRANCISCO MARKET.

FLOUR—Exports for the week 2,600 barrels to Liverpool, 300 to Tahiti, 50 to Honolulu, 25 to Hilo, 45 to Mexico, 50 to Panama. The market is quiet with little coming in; little local demand and hardly anything doing on export account. At the same time the price of wheat and the strong tone to that market hold values very firm.

We quote, Superfine common, $3 90@$4 00; Superfine, $4 25@$4 50; extra superfine, $4 75@$4 87½; choice and extra choice, $5 13½@$5 25; Oregon, good to choice, $5 25 @$5 50.

WHEAT—The market since our last review has been very unsettled and values have fluctuated a good deal between $1 80 and $1 90 for strictly good shipping to gilt edge milling. There are two very strong opposing influences actively pulling in opposite directions. The foreign markets hold their own well and the demand is good, both for the United Kingdom and for the continent. Liverpool spot quotations have moved steadily up and are now above the prices given at this season a year ago. The rise this ought to cause here is checked by the light supply of tonnage and the small amount due during the next few weeks. There is here now engaged for wheat 58,000 tons of shipping, 6,000 tons engaged for miscellaneous cargoes, 14,000 tons disengaged, and 155,000 on the way of which hardly any is due immediately. The supply a year ago was 38,000 tons loading wheat, 10,000 up for miscellaneous business, 80,000 disengaged and 118,000 coming, of which a considerable amount was near at hand. The aggregate is about 227,000 tons this year against 236,000 last year. The large amount of spot tonnage held rates weak at £2 for iron ships to Liverpool last October, while the four or five iron vessels in port to-day ask upwards of £3, and one has got a charter at that rate. This is just $5 per ton from the value of wheat, 2½c per cental. For the tonnage now under engagement, exporters are pretty well supplied with wheat, and under these circumstances they prefer to await developments. They say wheat must ease off or ships must take lower rates before there is any margin in the business for them. The effect is a dead-lock and business at a standstill.

We quote superfine, $1 65@$1 75; fair to choice milling, $1 80 @ $1 95; shipping, $1 75@$1 90.

BARLEY—We note shipments of 2,000 centals brewing to New York by steamer and a free movement overland of 18,263 centals Chevalier to Liverpool and 10,574 brewing to Philadelphia, and 4,683 feed and Chevalier to New Zealand. There is a continued good demand and the market is firm for all kinds. Chevalier, choice, is very scarce.

We quote feed, 65@80 Brewing, 85@$1 05; Chevalier, 80c@$1 10; for Coast, $1 50@$1 75, for good, to choice bay.

CORN—Receipts are heavy of white and large yellow. The demand is small and the market weak. Small yellow is steady, owing to a light supply.

We quote large yellow, 80@82½c.; small yellow, 95@97½; white, 75@77½.

OATS—The market is very abundantly supplied with all kinds and under a small consumptive demand the tone is weak.

We quote milling at $1 40@1 45; good to choice feed, $1 20@$1 35; common to fair feed, 80c.@$1 15.

MILLSTUFFS—There is no quotable change in this market.

Bran, per ton.....$13 00@14 00
Middlings, per ton.....17 00@18 00
Corn, ground, per ton, gold.....20 00@21 00
Barley, ground, per ton, gold....18 00@19 00

HOPS—Receipts are increasing but transactions are limited. Brewers are laying in a supply for the season, but they purchase directly from growers. Exporters are cautious, owing to the high views of holders.

We quote, California, southern, 20@25c; Sacramento, at 25@27½; Russian River, 25@30c; Oregon, 20@28.

WOOL—Receipts continue rather light for the season, but high prices and the approaching rains are likely to hurry matters up a little. All coming in finds ready sale, excepting the poorest lots, and even these are salable. Some exceptionally heavy and burry Southern and San Joaquin are not worth more than 10@12, some perhaps less. For all good to choice grades we quote higher. Choice Northern is in very light receipt and quotations are nominal.

Southern, fair to good.....13 @ 15
Southern, choice.....16 @ 17
San Joaquin, fair to good.....14 @ 16
San Joaquin, choice.....17 @ 21
Northern, fair to good.....19 @ 21
Northern, choice.....22 @ 24

BUTTER—Receipts for the week have been light of fresh roll, and of what comes in very little is grit edge. The demand is mostly for choice grades, and for these the market is strong at higher prices. Low grades are dull and very weak. There is more movement in pickled.

CHEESE—The demand is good, receipts are light and stocks are considerably reduced. We quote higher.

EGGS—Receipts are small from all quarters. Strictly choice lots are in demand, scarce and nearer. This is likely to continue all this month.

We quote: California choice fresh roll butter, 35@37½c; common to good roll, 15@32½c; Cheese, California, 8 2 12½c; Western Cheese, 12@14c per lb; California Eggs, 35@40c.

SALMON AND SMOKED FISH—The big sale was a canard. The market is steadier, owing to a better demand.

We quote, $1 10@1 15 for 1-lb tins; bbl, $4@6; hf bbl, 2 50@3 50; all to qual, where caught and grade of fish. Cod, Pacific, bdls 5@6c per lb; Cod, in cases, 6½@7c; Cod, boneless, Eastern, 9@10c per lb; Georges Cod, 9c per lb; Mackerel, hf bbls, No. 1, $10 00 @$11 00; do, hf bbls, No. 2, $8 00@$10 00; do, kits, No. 1, $2 25@$2 50; do, kits, No. 2, $2 00@$2 25.

PROVISIONS—The market is active and firm for all good stuff.

We quote: California plain Hams, 9@10; Eastern Canvased C. S. C. Hams, 13@15c, as to brand; California Lard, 7½c; Eastern do, 8@12½c; California Bacon, 8@10c; Eastern Bacon, 8@10c; California Smoked Beef, $9 00@$11 00 per bbl; Beef, $8 50@$10 50 per bbl; hf bbl, $4 50@$5 00; Pork per bbl, $13 00@$20 00.

BEANS AND DRIED PEAS—Receipts are increasing and buyers are cautious. Values, however, are quite down to the cost of production, and when this is so, they are usually at bottom, and any change now must be for the better.

Peas, per 100 lbs, $1 40@1 60; Butter, $1 25 @$1 75; Lima, $3 50@$4 00; Red, 95@$1 00; Pink, 90c@$1 10; Bayos, $1 00@$1 10; Small, white, $1 40@1 60; Dried Peas, $1 00@1 25.

POTATOES AND ONIONS—Early rose are dull as ever. Good reds do better. Onions are plentiful and easy. Sweet potatoes are in heavy supply and cheap.

We quote potatoes, River, early rose, 20@30c; Half Moon Bay, reds, 70@75c; Cuffey's Cove, reds, 75@90c; sweet potatoes, 60@75c; onions, yellow, good to choice, 45@45c; red, 25 to 35c.

BAGS AND BAGGING—There is no improvement in any way.

Machine-sewed, 22x36, 11c, Handsewed, 11c; Gunnies, as to weight, 13@13½c; Oat bags, favorite sizes, 14@15c; Wool sacks, heavy, 48c; wool sacks, light, 44@45; flour bags, ¼-sacks, 5@6c; flour bags, ½-sacks, 9@10.

LIVE STOCK AND MEATS—Supplies are abundant and all prices low.

Beef, 1st quality, dressed net, 5 lb., 5@5½c.; beef, 2d qual., 4@4½; beef, 3d qual., 3@3¾; Mutton, choice dressed, 2½@3½; hogs, 1st qual., gross, 3½@3¼; hogs, 2d qual., 2½@3; hogs, dressed, 4½@4¾; veal, small, 6@7; veal, large, 5@5½; lamb, spring, 4@4½.

If we would have powerful minds, we must think; if we would have faithful hearts, we must love; if we would have strong muscles, we must labor. These include nearly all that is valuable in this life.

A lady at Fall River while on her way to church last Sunday trod on another lady's trail, fell and dislocated her hip. Another argument in favor of short skirts.

CLEANSE THE BLOOD OF ALL IMPURITIES, and you neutralize the virus of many diseases at their source. In all Disorders of the Skin, the Glands, the Fleshy Fibre, the Secretive Organs, and the Bones, all Scrofulous Complaints, Cancer, &c., Dr. Jayne's Alterative is a standard curative; and while it is a fault in many medicines that before they reach the disease, the patient is prostrated beyond recovery, no such drawback attends this remedy, for it sustains the strength of the sufferer, while eradicating the cause of his complaint.

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It is only a few months since the first cake of *Phosphate Soap* was manufactured by the Standard Soap Co., of San Francisco. As the ingredients and combination were the result of the best chemical science in the world there was every reason to expect something far superior to any toilet soap ever made before, yet it was hardly expected that the medical profession would indorse *Phosphate Soap* for its remedial qualities as strongly as they have. It is well known that physicians of high standing are conservative and slow to indorse anything new until they are thoroughly convinced of its merits. But when an article is worthy of confidence they are willing to indorse it. The public no longer wait in doubt, because they know that the physician who has lived in their midst for years and earned a high reputation in his profession will not indorse an article unless he is well satisfied of its merits.

Such men as Dr. W. A. Douglass of San Francisco, and Dr. A. J. Spencer of San Jose, Cal., have grown venerable in the medical profession and are respected by all who know them. These well-known physicians, with many others, have tried *Phosphate Soap* both as a toilet article and as a remedy for skin diseases, and pronounce it superior to any other article of the kind.

The soothing, cleansing, purifying and disinfecting qualities of *Phosphate Soap* render it a prime necessity in every family. Besides, it is a most convenient article. It is good for shaving as well as the toilet and is also useful in removing grease and impurities from clothing and delicate fabrics.

A Splendid Newspaper.

The San Francisco WEEKLY CHRONICLE is unrivaled among American weekly publications. Some of the oldest papers in the United States, the names of which were household words a generation ago, must yield to it the palm. Its large size, extensive news facilities, vigorous editorials, and the sprightliness and variety of its contents, commend it to readers of every class. It is a splendid representative of the highest standard of weekly journalism, and its circulation corresponds with its high intrinsic merits.

The Best Evidence

Of the value of Robertson's Process for reducing ore is in the practical working by those who have secured a license to use the process. In one instance parties bought 300 tons of tailings for a dollar and a half per ton and took out between $30 and $40 per ton at a very small expense, making a handsome profit in a short time. John A. Robertson, P. O. box 552 Oakland, Cal., owns the Patent.

A lover once wrote to a lady who rejected him, saying that he intended to retire "to some secluded spot, and breathe away his life in sighs." To which, the lady replied by inquiring whether they were to be medium or large size. The man has not since been heard from.

Maine News.

Hop Bitters, which are advertised in our columns, are a sure cure for ague, biliousness and kidney complaints. Those who use them say they cannot be too highly recommended. Those afflicted should give them a fair trial, and will become thereby enthusiastic in the praise of their curative qualities.—*Portland Ad.*

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The Yolo Democrat

Thursday, October 16th, 1879.

Pathway of a Christian.

[BY LINNIE J. JACOBS.]

His childhood has passed. Youth dawns sweetly; hope sheds a halo of brightness on all things before him, but his hope is all of worldly things, and he don't even *dream* that he will ever want to leave this world for a brighter or happier one. He imagines that all he will have to do is to reach forth his hand and happiness is his, whatever way he may turn. As yet he has not been impressed with any of the stern realities of life. Instead, he has tasted of nearly all this life's sweetest pleasures, (and a *taste* of pleasure is about all poor mortals ever get here, as life is so very, very short.

Soon, some fair hope is blighted; but he does not stop long to think over *this*, but hope brightens in some other direction. As his bark glides smoothly along on the fair waters of peace and prosperity, he sings aloud his joyous song and thinks to himself, oh! happy world is this! He has never stopped to think that he is but a flower to die; alas! how soon to die. Ah! *again* he realizes that something has failed, where, not long since hope shone bright as day. Ere this he begins to *realize* the uncertainty of "worldly things." He thinks over the matter for some time, but he doesn't realize yet that it is the work of an unseen hand, trying to draw him away from this d-e-a-r world—this world of vanity, of glitter and show—where a sweet march is ever played by a glittering band, and poor mortals fall into the ranks and march onward toward a grave of darkness and death.

Soon he begins "castle building" again; this d-e-a-r hope must not be a failure; if it should, what would he do? His mind, yes, his whole heart and soul are in this one sweet hope. He hopes on for months and perhaps for years, and just when he thinks the goal is near he awakes to realize that this, too, is a failure, that the seeming clear stream was but the deceiving mirage. This last is, perhaps, all he can bear. He searches for pleasure but finds it not, but sometime in his life he has heard that *religion* brings peace to the troubled soul and hope to the despairing heart. At last he turns to his Father and Friend in Heaven. Before, he was too proud to bow his knee in the dust to pray; even now, though he feels his need of God's help, he hates to humble himself before men to pray. Yes, before bits of living clay, whose lamp of life is so easily extinguished.

Proud man must be humbled; he must lay aside his foolish pride and mighty self esteem, ere he can become a Christian.

He of whom we have been speaking has resolved to be a Christian. But does his bark glide smoothly now on the placid bosom of an unruffled sea, where rude blasts never blow nor dark clouds ever lower? Are his friends all true now; have his enemies all become as brothers toward him, and does he live at peace with all the world? No! In trying to be a Christian he finds many an obstacle thrown in his way. Though he has taken his stand on the *firm rock*, yet the dark waves of adversity, sometimes lash at his feet. Then a voice speaks to his soul, and joy fills his heart. That voice—that power from above—says: "Troubled soul, fear not," and by the help of God he is enabled to laugh at the demons who would smile at his soul's destruction. He finds friendship as uncertain as ever before, and he finds it impossible to live at peace with all the world, and it wearies him because he can't please everyone; but if he will get his Bible (if he has one) and read a little from the twelfth chapter of Romans he will infer from its meaning that it is hardly possible for him to live at peace with all. Though he may weep his very eyes out and pray day and night, yet there will be some who will despise his very face, and they know not for what. There are those who from experience have found this to be true. There are a few, perhaps, who have no enemies.

If you hear that a person has no enemies at all, go and see him and you will find a real good, good-for-nothing nobody, that does'nt make an effort in any direction whatever. One great trouble with the majority of people who try to be Christians, is, they try first to please the world, then God, and they very often join one church while believing some other way; for if they had gone as they thought was right, perhaps they would have lost some of their d-e-a-r friends, and if the Christian will but put the friendship of some of these to the test he will find that it is not the kind that is true and enduring. Perhaps when he needs their friendship most, to cheer him on life's way—perhaps when the dark clouds of adversity lower, and he would turn to some of these d-e-a-r friends for counsel or a kind word of cheer, where are they then? *Gone*, gone like a flock of *sheep*, when a *wolf* appears.

He has been swapped off, perhaps, for some one a little more popular, a little more stylish, and a good deal more worldly, and far more in harmony with themselves than he ever was; but he is just as happy as he was before, for he is glad indeed to know who are true and who are not, and he don't feel that there is any love lost at all.

Ah! dear friends, the human soul is too precious to lose for such friends as these. The friends of your *soul* are the friends to love and to trust. Indeed, the Christian meets many a thing that at first seems hard; one is, to love his enemies. He prays God to help him to love these unworthy beings, and even while he prays he feels the breath of hatred fan his burning cheeks. He knows there are beings who despise him, but ere long his heart is softened to pity these poor wretches who stand in the pathways trying every imaginable way to turn him from the path he has chosen and is determined to follow. They know not the sincerity of the heart that is tried. On the other hand, he sees beings edging around, trying little by little to tear down the foundation of his character; to take the name he has gotten by honest duty—the treasure that is dearer to his heart than friends, or home or kindred. He pities them, rather than hates, for he sees the stream on which they float; he sees too, that they are on the downward way, and the awful falls are just below.

The Christian (during the darkest moments of his life) can see a bright, beautiful star ever before his eye, and a light falls on his pathway, unseen by other beings. He rises higher and higher, till at length, like the untiring condor, he floats at ease among the mists and clouds, where the "sun of hope" shall ne'er cease to shine.

Have you ever seen a Christian die, and seen his mild, unshadowed brow, and noticed his mild eyes brighten as he neared the gates of death? He feels no secret dread nor inward horror as he beholds the dark curtains drawing nearer and nearer together.

Take this world and all its fleeting pleasures, for there's nothing here that lasts, go dance in pleasure's dazzling hall, go join the dizzy waltz; ah! yes 'tis sweet to keep time with heavenly music while gazing in happy faces. But this will last only till youth's sweet roses fade. Let me walk in the little light that falls from heaven above; let me, if possible, separate my soul from the many loved scenes of earth; and if wealth should ever be mine, let it be a fountain of blessings to the children of poverty. Let the Christian's hope be mine, for we are strangers and sojourners here, and we cannot call these homes our own.

The agriculturists in Napa Valley resolve to plant more land in vineyard and less in grain, because the former pays much better.

Announcement

.....TO THE.....

People of Yolo and Neighboring Counties:

The undersigned takes pleasure in announcing that

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HAS PURCHASED OF

GEO. D. FISKE & CO.

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AT WOODLAND,

And has re-stocked it with a

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FINE HAIR,
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LUMBER SAWED TO ORDER

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A. POWELL,

Manager Puget Sound Lumber Co.

Yards at Woodland, Willows, South Vallejo, and Agencies at all other important towns.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, SOUTH VALLEJO.

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DOUBLE-LOCK, SELF-SUPPORTING

PORTABLE FENCE!

This fence was invented by Mr. Howe, who resides in Woodland, and Patented in December, 1876. It is well known in this country as being superior to any that has ever been used here, and it is also

CHEAPER THAN ANY OTHER!

Each panel is separate and simply slips into another, and when put together can be drawn off bodily by hitching to the end of it.

It cannot be blown over by the Wind

Or pushed over by Live Stock. It can be made any height or length of panels to suit. It is very easily put together and taken apart, as it locks itself, and two men and teams will take down, move and put up again—anywhere within a mile—two miles of it in a day.

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THE FLEXIBLE HIP CORSET,

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